

# COUNTRY LIFE

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MISS VAVESSA BORWICK.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Our Portrait Illustrations: Miss Vanessa Borwick; Mme. Koch and her Children</i> ... ..	621, 622, 637
<i>The Open-air Girl</i> ... ..	622
<i>Country Notes</i> ... ..	623
<i>Open Ladies' Golf Championship. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	625
<i>The Widening of the Wicket</i> ... ..	627
<i>Books of the Day</i> ... ..	628
<i>The Lily-tree. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	629
<i>A Pleasant Neighbourhood</i> ... ..	630
<i>A Cinderella in Sabots. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	631
<i>In the Garden</i> ... ..	636
<i>Gardens Old and New: Heron's Ghyll. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	638
<i>Sheep in New Zealand. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	642
<i>The Keeper</i> ... ..	644
<i>Concerning Old Silver. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	645
<i>Nature-study</i> ... ..	647
<i>London's Young Camel. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	648
<i>Wild Country Life</i> ... ..	649
<i>From the Farms. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	650
<i>Polo Notes</i> ... ..	651
<i>Racing Notes. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	652
<i>Labourers' Cottages</i> ... ..	653
<i>Correspondence</i> ... ..	654

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## THE OPEN-AIR GIRL.

WHERE no other proof forthcoming, the illustrations shown in another part of our number would be sufficient testimony to the fact that golf is one of the games to which the girl of the present day has taken thoroughly. Indeed, these pictures go far to show that during the last decade, to say nothing of the last half century, a great change has taken place in our ideas of what sports are fitting and becoming to women. Our grandmothers, the women whom Leech drew so delightfully in their poke bonnets and cashmere shawls, could do a few things outside as well as the women of to-day. They could, for instance, ride well to hounds, and the mild amusement of archery was one in which they excelled, while they played old-fashioned croquet with zeal if not with distinction. But that was true of only a small number. The great majority of them stayed at home and worked at their samplers or strummed the piano. They were strong on preserves, cordials, cookery, and all the mysteries of the kitchen, but they were diminutive in size, with ill-set shoulders and bad figures that appeared to all the more disadvantage because of the hideously ugly dresses then worn. The difference between them and the girl of to-day is one in the right direction. The only real reason for regret is that such a small proportion of women take to country pastimes. We have recently taken a great many steps towards improving the physical development of boys, but, as was shown by the report of the Scottish Commission, even that is far behind what it should be. The zealous educationists of the seventies did not recognise as they should have done that mind and body are one, or if not one—and we do not wish to raise a question of metaphysics—they are so closely united that the health of the one depends on that of the other. But if the boys have been neglected in this respect, the girls have been a hundred times more so. It seems almost antediluvian to say so, but in a

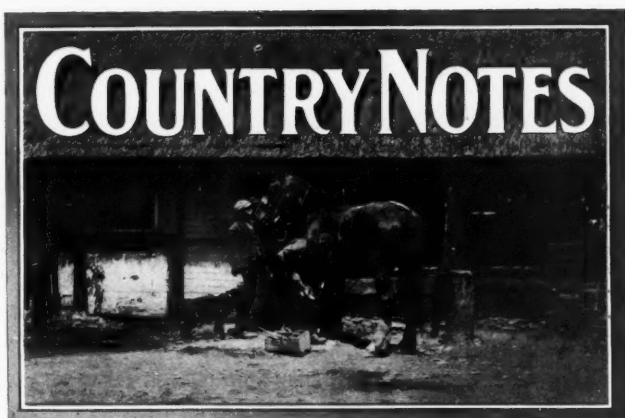
High School with which the present writer is familiar the girls are not permitted to indulge in any outdoor games because they are said to be unladylike; and that spirit prevailed too much in the past and still endures to some extent in the present, whereas it is as certain as anything can be that if the physique of the race is to be maintained, the development of the women is of as much importance as that of the men.

But the mere question of pastimes is a subordinate one. In the training of girls a main object to be aimed at is an inculcation of a love of the open air. The feminine temperament does not take as readily to a love of Nature as the masculine does, and if anyone were to consider this statement as rather too absolute, it would be enough to refer them to certain well-known facts. For example, if we take poetry, it will be found that all our greatest poets, without exception, found in Nature their highest inspiration. It is said that Homer exhausted every simile that could be drawn from sea, rock, or hill; Shakespeare is the countryman incarnate; Burns, Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, in all of them love of Nature was the predominant factor. This is not the case with the women poets; the number who have written well about Nature could be counted upon the fingers of one hand. It is equally true with painting; those who have most beautifully pictured this fair world we live in have not been women, but men, and the question is whether that be due to an ordinance of fate or to the ill-considered treatment of women during so many generations. It came to be considered that the proper place for a woman was inside the house, and she was confined to such arts as sewing, embroidery, and music, which gave no exercise whatever to her muscles. One result is that the woman herself became, in a sense, oversexed. With a boy the case was otherwise. Even if he were employed in some work within four walls, his leisure was given to healthy outdoor recreations in the shape of cricket, football, or some other athletic game. If this be correct, then the difficulty of making a thorough open-airist of a woman is one that we might have expected to come naturally from her previous training. It is an evil that the educationist of the future ought to endeavour to rectify. We do not wish to make acrobats of our women, any more than we would like to see them all wranglers or blue-stockings. The ideal woman would be equally developed on both sides of her nature. Her body would be so exercised as to give her complete command over her muscles, a free and graceful carriage, and, what these flow from, continuous good health, while her mind ought to be cultivated in an all-round manner that would ensure for it freedom and vigour.

What we want to ask, then, is the part that open-air pastimes ought to play in the production of this ideal. We believe it to be very great, and none the less important because the education derived from it is indirect. Probably as far as organised amusements are concerned the matter will right itself. Such games as golf, croquet, tennis, hockey, naturally draw their own recruits, and will attract those who are fitted to excel in them. But in what may be called solitary and independent amusements the boy has a very great advantage over the girl. Let us imagine, for instance, a boy at this season of the year, and what his occupations might be if he were staying in a house in the country. He would be almost certain to go birds'-nesting, a pursuit to which girls seldom become addicted, and yet a most delightful one, since it leads to those solitary rambles that lay the surest foundation of a love of Nature that is unconscious in youth, but becomes the solace of later years; and this is only one of a great many country occupations. He would go fishing, and all his powers of observation be called out to master the ways of the creatures of the water. He would take to catching butterflies, and make the acquaintance of those exquisite inhabitants of the air. Flowers and insects, ponds and rivers, woods and hills, fields, hedgerows, and brooks would all exercise an attraction for him, and yield him something. Here and there one finds a girl who perceives the same magic in the open air, but how seldom! You will not find one open-air girl to a hundred boys. But this, again, does not seem to be an ineradicable fact in the nature of things. From the time that a girl is given her first doll to play with, and encouraged to keep furniture in a doll's-house, and go through a million antics of the same kind, she is diverted from the pursuit of healthy outdoor pastimes, and almost forced to find her amusements in the occupations of the house. We believe this to be a great mistake. The girl, as well as the boy, would be ever so much better for being turned out into the open air and allowed to run wild a little.

## Our Portrait Illustrations.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Vanessa Borwick, the daughter of Sir Robert Borwick. It is reproduced from a painting by M. Gustave Courtois, which was exhibited in the Paris Salon 1903. On page 635 will be found a pretty group of Mme. Koch and her family.



NOTHING could have been more satisfactory than the splendid response made by the nation to the request for a new loan of thirty millions for the Transvaal. It was officially announced on Monday that the enormous sum of one thousand one hundred and seventy-four millions had been subscribed, that is to say, one thousand one hundred and forty-four millions in excess of what was wanted, or forty times the amount of the loan. This is suggestive of a great many things concerning which doubts are sometimes raised. It proves absolutely that there never could have been a time when there was more money in the hands of the subjects of the British Empire. It means that we are richer than ever, and if there is a further implication that remunerative investments must at present be somewhat scarce, this is only what we know to be true. We have been in the midst of a reaction for some time, but the dulness has been nothing in comparison with the ebb on previous occasions. Another point established is the absolute confidence of people in the soundness of the British Empire. The fall in the value of Consols is apparently a purely business drop consequent upon the lowering of the rate of interest. The credit of the Empire never stood higher than it does to-day.

Mr. Henniker Heaton's schemes for Post Office reform may not commend themselves in their completeness to anyone, but one or two are surely deserving of the fullest support. "Universal penny postage" must depend entirely upon the commercial question as to whether it is profitable or not. Mr. Austen Chamberlain says no, and that seems to end the matter. "Cash-on-delivery parcel post" we believe to be impracticable. "Postcards to be sold at face value" is a request that the Government should give the paper on which they are printed to each customer. The postal order reforms also depend on business considerations, and the right of withdrawing letters after posting would probably lead to mischief. These projected changes do not commend themselves. But the proposal that there should be no more Teutonic designs for stamps is certainly a good one. The designs for both stamps and coinage look as if there was no art in England.

But the most important of all changes that need to be introduced at the present moment is in the postage of periodicals. It is most ridiculous that a heavy newspaper should be carried through the post for a halfpenny, and anything that is called a magazine should be charged at book rates. The general public probably do not know the singular principle on which the Post Office act. They call a periodical a newspaper if it be topical, and if it be not topical they call it a magazine. Thus a paper that collects all the police news, shocking murders, and other sensational rubbish of the day is carried for a halfpenny whatever its weight, but should it consist of interesting and wholesome information on the pleasantest topics it is set down as a magazine and charged at the higher rate.

Curious accounts come to hand of the colonists who went to Western Canada. A proportion of them, as might have been expected, entertained extraordinary notions of what life in the Wild West would be, and the majority of them seem to have armed themselves with as many guns as they would have needed to fight Red Indians twice a week. Unfortunately, some of these warlike individuals had not taken the preliminary step of learning to shoot, and the air seems to have echoed with the discharge of their guns let off in pure wantonness, so that the police had to interfere to check their enthusiasm. Those of them who were sportsmen were genuinely disappointed, as the buffalo has entirely disappeared; and as to the Redskin of Fenimore Cooper's novel, he exists no more, since the Indian of to-day saturates himself with gin, wears the same clothing as the white man, and goes to church regularly.

This is the version of someone who is disillusioned, as no doubt many of the colonists are at the beginning. But, as a matter of fact, agricultural life in Canada is rough enough to suit any taste. Plenty of work, hard fare, constant outdoor exercise, these are what the Canadian farmer has chosen, but sport there is in plenty too. Big game has very largely disappeared, thanks to the industry of rich hunters from the United States and Great Britain, who have made so many expeditions to the most remote valleys and backwoods of Canada, equipped with all the weapons science can devise for the destruction of the great animals that used to run wild there. But whoever can find enjoyment in the slaughter of duck and small game of all kinds will not find his gun grow rusty from disuse. There is abundance of shooting to be had in the Dominion, and the general complaint among the farmers is that there are not enough marksmen. The hard-working agriculturist when once he has settled to his task is very far from being a Nimrod.

The judgment of the Master of the Rolls in the case of *McGuire v. the Western Morning News, Limited*, is entirely satisfactory. It proves by the way, however, that there are many questions upon which juries are not qualified to give a final opinion. The complainant in this case produced a play, and, in the usual way, the Press was invited to criticise it. Now it is not in Bristol alone that theatrical people hold that the proper way to spell criticism is p-r-a-i-s-e, but in this case the critic thought that the play was vulgar, stupid, and full of clap-trap, and he said so. When brought before the jury the theatrical manager was allowed £100 damages for alleged libel, which certainly struck most people as one of the most extraordinary "findings" ever made. The Master of the Rolls, however, held that the verdict was against the weight of evidence, and further he remarked that it would be a matter of regret if the honest critic were debarred from commenting on such a production.

This will help to clear the air of a great deal of misapprehension in regard to the function of the critic, and great credit is due to the proprietors of the newspaper for having had the courage to fight the matter out. It is so much easier and so much less expensive to settle questions of this kind by a small cash payment. But all who are paying attention to the matter are aware that what criticism suffers from just now is that it is much too lenient. Extremely bad books and bad plays are produced daily, and the discerning reader is surprised to find them praised freely in the morning and the evening papers, so much so that he wonders whether this wholesale and mischievous flattery be due to sheer ignorance and inexperience on the part of the critic or to downright dishonesty. In either case it is injurious alike to the drama and to English literature. Severity of criticism does not often harm anything. If unjust it will fail in its effect, and if just it is well that what is not good should be condemned.

#### BLUE DANUBE.

They played the old bewitching air  
With frolic grace, to haunting time;  
Engaging, gay, and debonaire—  
Flute, trombone, viola sublime,  
They played the old bewitching air.  
With frolic grace, to haunting time  
They swept the waltz, and thought took flight;  
A smell of roses, snatch of rhyme,  
A look of love flashed in the light,  
With frolic grace, to haunting time.  
They swept the waltz, and thought took flight;  
I heard your laugh delicious, near—  
And then, O then, the tune's delight  
Grew intimately, strangely dear—  
They swept the waltz, and thought took flight.

LILIAN STREET.

Major Seely, M.P., in a letter to the *Times* of Monday last, produces a valuable statement of facts which fits in very nicely with the prominence given in our last issue to Sir A. Conan Doyle's little rifle-meeting at Undershaw. Opinions have been known to differ upon the question whether shooting with Morris-tubes and reduced charges at short ranges is of real value in the making of a marksman. Major Seely, with the help of the military authorities, has proved that it is. Taking four men, trained exclusively to shoot with Morris-tubes on a fifty-yard range, to the Eastney Range, on a gusty day, with wind and rain, he had the pleasure of seeing them do good shooting at 400yds. and 500yds., although they had never shot at those ranges or with full charges before. In fact, they proved themselves efficient riflemen after practice confined to their miniature range.

In connection with Major Seely and a horse, there is a little story, which happens to be true, that can hardly fail to interest



the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. When he went out to South Africa in command of the Hampshire Company of Imperial Yeomanry, he took with him a very smart little Arab horse; but the Arab, being white, as the famous mount of Lord Roberts was, seemed to stand in need of being dyed. Dyed he was, the result being that as he embarked on the transport, he was not khaki-coloured, as had been intended, but of a dirty grass green hue. This wore out, no doubt, in time, but the Arab did not. On the contrary, after Major Seely had returned, to find that he had been elected to the House of Commons during his absence, the writer had occasion to ask after the fate of the Arab. "Ah!" said Major Seely, "he is not one of a thousand, but he is one out of two hundred and fifty odd. He was the only horse out of all our lot that survived the war."

A colonial newspaper has drawn attention to two features in the affairs of Australia that are calculated to give pause to those who are looking forward to the future of this dependency. One of these is what he calls the total arrest of immigration, and the other is the steady shrinkage of the birth-rate. He puts the point very cogently thus: "Here is a continent equal in area to the whole of Europe, if Russia in Europe is omitted; it is only a little less than the United States." The richness of the country does not require to be enlarged upon, "yet," our correspondent goes on to say, "at the end of nearly one hundred and twenty years of colonisation its population is less than four millions, or about equal to that of a couple of London suburbs." Certainly the lowering of the birth-rate is a very serious symptom. The annual increase of population has fallen from 11 per cent. to 2 per cent. The marriage-rate has shrunk from 8.64 to 6.87, and while the average number of children for each marriage used to be six, it is now only a little over four. This is a state of things that ought to occupy the keenest attention of our Colonial Department. Crowded England could well spare a surplus sufficiently large to people even Australia, and no doubt if the prosperity of this great dominion were ensured the marriage-rate and birth-rate would come right of themselves.

Recent and current news from Australia serves to illustrate very forcibly one of the inevitable disadvantages of a railway system owned and administered by the State. The men of the Victorian railways are on strike, with a consequence, in addition to the ruffianly picketing which is as common in Australia as it is here, of grave inconvenience to the public. Expresses are delayed or stopped altogether, mails are being sent by coach or by sea, the suburban service, much used by the 500,000 people of Melbourne, is at a standstill. In fact, it is fairly plain that the strike agitator finds just as inflammable a material among Government servants as among the employés of an ordinary railway company, and when he has once got a footing among them his opportunities of doing mischief are immense. He can really carry out the threat of paralysing trade which is often heard, but seldom possesses practical meaning, when the labour world is passing through a crisis here.

Monday saw the record of two pieces of princely generosity. First an unknown giver presented £300,000 to St. Bartholomew's for its building fund, which is a doubly good thing. It will save the authorities from the need of applying to the public for money, and, if this need had arisen, the chances are that, after the recent differences of opinion, the money would not have been obtained easily. Then at Liverpool had been opened by Mr. Walter Long, M.P., the new Laboratories of the University College, provided through the munificence of Mr. William Johnston for the study of tropical medicine, bio-chemistry, experimental medicine, and comparative pathology. Truly, the present century and the last may claim that they are not inferior in public spirit of this kind to their forefathers of the golden days of great foundations. Mr. Long, in his opening speech, took the opportunity of paying a warm tribute to the educational zeal of Liverpool; £200,000, no mean sum, had been collected for the University, and Liverpool had even gone so far as to consent to be rated for its University. It is a grand record, and it makes for national as well as local prosperity.

The merry month of May has always been full of surprises, and it did not fail in its duty on Saturday afternoon. Not often has such a terrific thunder-storm been witnessed in London. For several days afterwards the newspapers were supplied with paragraphs about flooded streets and accidents to omnibuses. But in the Midlands things appear to have been much worse. In Lincolnshire twenty-five square miles of what at this season of the year should be daisy-covered pasture is lying under water, and from Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire and several other counties there come the same stories of submerged pasture and arable land, while the Thames has come down in greater volume than it has attained for a great number of years.

We are glad to hear that the law passed last year for the preservation of the big game in Alaska is being enforced

rigorously. Hunters are now restricted to a very few trophies, and there is every reason to hope that this timely measure will prevent the destruction of the native big game that has occurred in other parts of the American continent. No doubt it is hard on the hunter who goes out now and meets men returned from a season of unlimited shooting to know that his opportunity is less, but a generously-minded sportsman will accept the situation with more than resignation. And there still are grizzly bears and moose of 76 in. span of head to be shot in that grand country. It is not a trip to be lightly undertaken; the almost constant rains and the multitude of flies in the only two fine months, June and July, are among the minor trials, but even they are not inconsiderable. Mountains dense with forest, or heavy with snow, and immense glaciers are among the more serious difficulties.

Most of the rivers—of English rivers, at all events—have been in a condition of such raging flood that little fishing has been possible on them. Of course, the chalk streams, with their more or less constant flow, have not been affected in the same degree as most. In all the country of the Severn, Teme, Wye, Dove, and so on, the water has been far out beyond its due channels in many places. The country south of Rugby, and, again, about Tamworth, has been lying under extensive flood that not all the modern agricultural drainage could reduce appreciably in volume. But though these times of flood are desperate for the immediate fortunes of the angler, they are full of good hope for his prospects, and when the floods run down we ought to hear of some very good sport all the country over, both with trout and salmon.

#### MILTON'S WELL.\*

I think those giant cypresses  
Must once have watched in bygone days,  
A blind man moving 'neath the trees  
Across these quiet woodland ways.  
And down the path his footsteps trod  
Uncertainly, white wind-flowers shake  
Their scattered snow still on the sod  
Where mists of wild blue hyacinths break.  
But he was blind; for him the flowers  
Bloomed here unheeded; shadows fell  
Unmarked by him in those sad hours  
Of toil and darkness by the well.  
Perhaps e'en here, where west winds sigh,  
He, who beheld not sun nor moon,  
Gave utterance to that bitter cry,  
"Dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon!" I. CLARKE.

\* At Eyford, Gloucestershire, there is a well where, tradition says, Milton wrote many of his poems, including "Paradise Lost."

Although the prolonged discussion about the widening of the wicket has arrived at a barren conclusion—the widening being desired by a bare majority of the meeting at Lord's, but not by the two-thirds majority required for an alteration of the law—a singular fact has cropped up incidentally in course of the parley, namely, that wickets as ordinarily made and ordinarily pitched commonly are from a quarter to a half inch wider than the normal eight inches. Therefore, if the discussion leads to a rigorous measuring of the wicket, we shall see a proposal to widen the wicket ending by a practical narrowing of it.

The Motor Fortnight in Ireland is attracting more and more attention as the time approaches, and though it is yet two months off, it will be found pretty difficult to get accommodation anywhere in the vicinity of where the Gordon Bennett Race takes place. The French visitors are doing a very wise thing in chartering one of the large Transatlantic liners, which will take them and their motor-cars to Ireland, and, lying in Kingstown Harbour, will be a floating hotel to the Gallic automobilists. Some twelve Panhards, eight Mors, and a number of other cars are being brought over, it being the intention of the visitors to see as much as possible of "Ireland" while over. The speed race in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, will be something worth seeing if, as report says, a pace of over ninety miles an hour will be done. There is a splendid straight run from the Castleknock Gate down the main road of the park, and it is said that, in deference to a wish of the Lord-Lieutenant, the Phoenix column, which for so many years has stood in the centre of the park, will be removed by the Board of Works for the occasion, so that no impediment may interfere with the "speeders" in their lightning-like fly down the main road.

A considerable number of people—for the number of those who are called to the Bar of the Inner Temple is only too considerable for the interests of most of them—will be greatly relieved to hear the announcement that the dining hour at that temple of legal learning is to be changed next term from six to seven "experimentally." To the lay mind it does not seem a greatly daring or novel "experiment" to dine at seven o'clock, but we all know, or think we do, what the law is. There is an admirable caution conveyed in the adverb. Seven o'clock,



"without prejudice," will be the hour next term. Without prejudice is more than could be said for the old plan of dining at six. One of the many things that we never shall know is the number of promising young digestions that have been ruined by dining at that mediæval hour. Surely it is a sign of the progressive age we live in that they should think of dining, even "experimentally," at seven o'clock in the Inner Temple. It seems hardly right.

The Discovery seems to be an unlucky ship. We all know that she, and her brave captain and crew, have done their arduous work pluckily and well, and achieved scientific results that "the man in the street" readily accepts as valuable assets, though without a distinct understanding of the benefits he receives by them. But owing to an accumulation of the ice, which seems the more unfortunate as coming directly after two comparatively open years, it begins to seem more than likely that the vessel will have to be abandoned to her fate and left fast bound in the ice-field of the Antarctic. The question, as it appears to our uninstructed minds at home, seems now to be how the crew of the

Discovery are to make their way to their relief ship, the Morning, and whether that relief ship herself is quite certain to be able to make her way successfully out of the encircling ice. Happily it is a question to which the answer does not appear equally doubtful to Captain Scott and the Discovery's crew. The latter are reported by the former to be working with a "unanimity and good will" that makes his own task very easy, and in equally high and generous terms he speaks of the qualities and service of Captain Colbeck, the commander of the relief vessel.

From an announcement in a daily paper it would seem that the costers of London, having heard of the motor races past and in prospect, have been fired with the noble spirit of emulation, and intend to have a motor race of their own, with their Neddies as the motive power. "A go-as-you-please costers' barrow race is fixed for May 18th, at 4 p.m.," is the announcement in question. The race-course, it appears, is to be the Holloway Road. What will be the maximum pace permitted by the police, and what the odds against Mr. Albert Chevalier?

## OPEN LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE 1903 Ladies' Golf Championship was brought to a conclusion on Friday, May 8th, at Portrush, after a most successful meeting.

Miss Rhona Adair has again come out of the ordeal with flying colours, and has the pleasure of seeing her name engraved on the cup for the second time. She was playing brilliantly, and only once was at all pressed by her opponent, that opponent being Miss M. E. Stuart, who made a fine effort to defeat the lady champion, but failed just at the last hole. The meeting opened with an international match, Ireland *versus* England. The teams consisted of ten players a side as follows: Ireland—Miss May Hezlet, Miss R. Adair, Miss V. Hezlet, Miss M. E. Stuart, Miss Magill, Miss F. Hezlet, Miss N. Graham, Miss C. E. Perry, Miss Murray, and Miss M. Murray. England—Miss E. C. Nevile, Miss Dod, Miss Issette Pearson, Miss B. Thompson, Miss Phillips, Mrs. G. Hunter, Miss Firth, Miss Smith, Mrs. Melrose, and Mrs. C. F. Richardson. Ireland scored an overwhelming victory, as the first nine players in the team won their matches, and Mrs. C. F. Richardson, who played last for England,



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MISS MACBETH AT THIRD TEE IN SEMI-FINAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was the only one to redeem the honour of her country by saving a grand slam.

Some of the young players in the Championship showed very fine form this year, and give great promise for the future. Miss Macbeth, whose home club is Lytham and St. Anne's, played especially well, and very nearly worked her way into the final, only being defeated in the semi-final heat by Miss F. Walker Leigh, and then only at the twentieth hole. Miss Buckley is another coming player, but she was in the same quarter of the draw as Miss Rhona Adair, so had not so much chance of coming through to the happy position of a medallist. It was not until the third day of the meeting that any close matches took place, but then, indeed, there was great slaughter. The holder of the cup, Miss May Hezlet, was defeated by Miss M. E. Stuart, who played a magnificent game, driving well, and putting in a most deadly manner. Miss Graham, ex-champion, was beaten by Miss Buckley, and, somewhat unexpectedly, Miss E. C. Nevile



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MISS STUART DRIVING IN SEMI-FINAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

succumbed to Miss F. Walker Leigh. Miss E. C. Neville is a very fine player, but, unfortunately, through the week had not been playing up to her usual form, otherwise she would have proved a very formidable opponent. Miss Adair had an easy victory over Mrs. Pearson, and in the afternoon also won her match from Miss Buckley with the good margin of four and three. Miss Dod and Miss Stuart had a stiff encounter on Thursday afternoon. Miss Dod led the whole way round until close to home, and at the eighteenth tee the match was all square. Miss Stuart by a long putt secured a perfect three, and thus for the first time was up, and so won the match at the critical moment. Miss F. Walker Leigh and Miss V. Hezlet had a close struggle. Miss V. Hezlet started well, and had the lead up to the eighth hole, but from that point began to lose, and was eventually beaten on the seventeenth green.

Miss Macbeth had a tie with Mrs. Melrose, and just secured her place among the medallists at the nineteenth hole. The four semi-finalists were therefore Miss Macbeth and Miss Walker Leigh, Miss M. E. Stuart and Miss Rhona Adair. Both matches were well worth watching. That between Miss Macbeth and Miss Walker Leigh was fought out hole by hole, and was eventually only decided on the twentieth green, where Miss F. Walker Leigh holed out a long putt for the match and so became the winner. The match between Miss Rhona Adair and Miss M. E. Stuart was witnessed by a large and interested crowd of onlookers, and proved a most exciting one. Miss Stuart started well, and led at the third hole, but Miss Adair equalised matters at the fourth by a beautiful approach. For the next six holes Miss Stuart did not play her best, and Miss Adair succeeded in getting the substantial lead of four up. This, with a player of Miss Adair's steadiness, meant almost certain victory, but at the tenth hole matters took a sudden turn, and Miss Stuart, playing gallantly, gradually reduced the lead until, at the seventeenth, they were all even with one to play. At the eighteenth Miss Adair made a magnificent drive, while Miss Stuart did not get hers well, and having a bad lie, topped her approach into the bunker guarding the green. This practically settled the match, and Miss Adair, holing out in a steady four, won the hole and the match by one up. Miss Stuart's was a wonderful performance, as it is in any case difficult to play an uphill game, and especially so when it is against a player of Miss Adair's renown. The final started in the afternoon, followed by an enormous crowd of onlookers, and Miss Adair played a brilliant game, driving long raking balls, and putting and approaching beautifully. She never gave her opponent, Miss Walker Leigh, a chance, but played almost faultlessly, and eventually won by four up and three to play. Miss Adair, therefore, again holds the title of champion, and carries off the coveted cup and medal. Miss Walker Leigh played a strong game throughout the meeting, and considering that up to a few days beforehand she had not touched a club for three months owing to a hunting accident, her record is wonderful.

On the conclusion of the round the prizes were given away

by Colonel Pottinger, who, in well-chosen words, complimented the players on their prowess. A large portion of the success of the meeting was due to the excellent condition in which Smith, the green keeper, had the links. The greens were almost perfect and absolutely true, and on every side compliments were heard about the links.

MAY HEZLET.



MISS R. ADAIR MAKES A GOOD APPROACH.

so even that remark does not seem as if it could be all that we have thought it. And finally, we have been told that the Haskell ball has made golf "immeasurably" easier—"immeasurably" was the great big adverb used—and yet, although the score of 79 with which Mr. Blackwell won was a rattling good one, neither it nor the general performances of the field behind him were so "immeasurably" better than we have seen them. We seem, in fact, to have pointed to us the conclusion that though the Haskell is, without doubt, a rather more easy and pleasant ball for the average man to play with, the difference between it and the solid gutta-percha is not so very tremendous, nor does it require five-syllable adverbs to measure it. The Professional Golfers' Association has shown the best of wisdom in deciding

to go back on its former resolution that all competitions under its auspices shall be played with the gutty, the whole gutty, and nothing but the gutty, so that india-rubber has triumphed all along the line, and we may take it for granted that for the time being we have heard the last of the blessed word standardisation.

Apart from the actual results of the ladies' championship, we may take the wonderful scores done on the Portrush links by the

ladies, Miss Adair and Miss Hezlet, who are so much at home there, as evidence of what the Haskell ball has done for them. After all, and in spite of Mr. Blackwell's winning at St. Andrews, there is not a doubt that the more elastic balls are relatively more in favour of the less tremendous drivers, and the gentler treatment that these more lively balls require on the



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THE WINNER PUTTING AT SEVENTH HOLE. "COUNTRY LIFE."



putting greens can be meted out to them better perhaps by the light hands of the ladies than by the horny fist of the mere man. Amongst other things that were shown by the play at St. Andrews was yet another proof to that aforesaid conclusion by Mr. W. H. Fowler's win of the second medal. The good billiard players, and Mr. Fowler is very much above the average at that game, have seemed to be more helped than the majority of the golfing world by the india-rubber-filled balls, and his score of 81, which put him in front of the whole field, with the exception of Mr. Blackwell, is not the only one by many a good one that has shown him to be a greatly improved golfer since india-rubber became the fashionable stuffing of golf balls.

Ireland has had a tremendous golfing spring, what with the ladies competing for their championship at Portrush and the tourneys that Lord Dudley promoted at Dollymount and Portmarnock, and probably the latter enterprise, showing so many good Scottish golfers that Ireland was an accessible island, and that it was possible to play the best of golf when you got there, has put the ideal of Irish golfers, to have the amateur championship played on Irish soil, much more within the horizon of practical politics than it ever has been before. Still, golf is an eminently conservative game, and in spite of the new era of peace and prosperity which we are told is dawning over Ireland as a consequence of the Land Purchase Bill, it will take a good deal of driving yet before the venue of the championship is shifted across the Channel.

On Saturday last, at the lovely links which came into the possession of the West Essex Golf Club about a year ago, Vardon, Braid, Taylor, and the local professional, Wakeley, played together. After taking 7 to the first hole, Braid played a faultless game and finished in 71, beating his own record for the course by four strokes. This will appear the more remarkable when the conditions of the weather are taken into consideration. Vardon played a good game, and would have done a much better score if he had not been weak on the greens. Taylor started well, but getting into difficulties at the fourth hole off a very good drive, he spoilt his round and finished third, taking 79. Wakeley, the local professional, went round in 84.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

### THE WIDENING OF THE WICKET.

**I**DULY appeared at the annual general meeting of the M.C.C. held last week, heard the arguments adduced for and against the proposed widening of the wicket, was unconvinced, voted against the amendment, and came away surprised that the committee had so large a body of adherents as to get an actual majority, though a majority insufficient by many points to pass that amendment. As a rule the proceedings at these meetings are private, but on this occasion the committee very judiciously, if I may presume to say so, issued a verbatim report of the speeches made on the question, and provided daily papers with copies of them.

The main question having been settled by the vote, it is not necessary for me to deal with it; the amendment was rejected, and the law remains as it was, though one important fact was elicited, namely, that the wickets actually used of late were sometimes broader than the law allowed, were, in fact, 8½ in. in breadth instead of 8 in. This breach of the law was overlooked by the umpires, who had failed to measure the wickets, trusting to the accuracy of the ground man, or to the accuracy, untested, of the frames supplied by the makers of cricket's accoutrements. The umpires are hardly to be blamed, I think, for their confiding trust, and it is not unfair to add that it is not easy to measure a set of round stumps to half an inch, nor is it easy to set them up with absolute geometrical accuracy; it is hardly good logic, however, to propose that as this inaccuracy of measurement has passed for some time as accurate, therefore there is no objection to the increase of the wicket's size by a legal inch, because we should only be adding a legal half-inch to the illegal half-inch already existing. Without special observation on the umpires' part, we might discover that as the 8 in. swelled to 8½ in., so the proposed 9 in. might have added to its stature, or, more correctly, to its girth.

However, it is not to this negligence or too confiding credulity of the umpires that I propose to refer, nor even to the main question, which has been well threshed out and settled, but to a certain remark made by Lord

Harris in a speech in favour of the amendment. The room of meeting is large, some 400 men or more were present, and the silence was not death-like, so that I should have been unwilling to trust my ears alone. But what my ears heard the verbatim report corroborates, and shows that the great player and the great reformer of cricket said, *apropos* of the lost amendment of last year *in re* l.b.w., that "the umpires—I am really inclined to say from obstinacy—reported against it. The men here at Lord's have not sufficient intelligence to be able to adapt their minds to the alteration, although they were umpiring constantly in the M.C.C. and county matches which were to be played under the rule as proposed to be amended; they seemed unable to adapt their minds to the proposed alteration, and the result was dissatisfaction with the trial." Lord Harris further adds that the umpires in second-class matches are divided in opinion as to the merits of the proposed rule—the l.b.w. rule—and that "the captains have reported on the whole against it, because they are satisfied with their system of scoring."

The logic of the last remark I fail to see, doubtless from native obtuseness, but I equally fail to see why the intelligence of the Lord's umpires should be impeached because they saw no practical advantage in the amendment of Law 24. Umpires are specialists; they need not be superb batsmen or magnificent bowlers; they have to know the laws and understand the application of them, and if one instance could prove a case, I would quote the instance of Robert Thoms, who never reached, as a player, the fame that he attained as an umpire.

I, however, am holding an unauthorised brief for the Lord's umpires, whose intelligence has been attacked. In support of my case I adduce the following story. Last year, while the new amendment was being put to the test, the trial by ordeal, I said to one of the regular M.C.C. umpires (Titchmarsh, I believe, but am not sure), "How does the new rule work?" His answer was to the effect, "Why, sir, two men were out in the last match under the new rule, but the bowler forgot to appeal!" If the question of "intelligence" is to be brought up, it is not the umpires' reputation that will suffer. However, if the question of "intelligence" may be regarded



Copyright LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP: SPECTATORS CROSSING THE BROOK. "C.L."

as relative, the charge of "obstinacy" I regard as quite unfair, unless evidence be brought to support it. One can hardly believe that Lord Harris's experience as an umpire can be compared with that of the professional umpire, to whom he could give many points as a cricketer, perhaps; but to dub a man, or a class of men, as "obstinate" and to accuse them of a lack of intelligence because they do not fall in line with one's own pet fads, is an *ex parte* argument of the worst type, and it comes with a worse grace from a cricketer, and a cricket-enthusiast of the type of Lord Harris, whose position prevents the impeached ones from making a retort. The famous but defunct l.b.w. amendment was reported to be approved of by the umpires generally, as removing for them the chief of their difficulties, the difficulty of deciding whether the ball pitched straight from wicket to wicket; hence "obstinacy" is a curious charge to bring against them, while their lack of intelligence was shared by all those members of the M.C.C. who for reasons of their own, good or bad, voted against the alteration of a particular rule. I voted against it, for one, so that I suppose that my own intelligence is deficient. However we, the minority, will bear up and try to brighten up.

I am always sorry for the umpire and have always written in his support, for he is invariably between the devil and the deep sea, as represented by the batting side and the fielding side, while he has a third adversary in the critic. I have summed up his position before now, but do not hesitate to repeat my words, or their sentiment. The umpire is the hardest-worked man on the ground, the first on the field and the last off it; he has no rest save the luncheon-interval, for the innings-interval hardly permits him to get to the pavilion and back to the wicket. His decisions are criticised openly, freely, and profanely sometimes, on the ground, and he may be hauled over the

coals afterwards, or be evilly reported of by one of the two captains. He is on the strain, mentally and physically, the whole time; he is on duty as long as the match lasts, without rest and without relaxation; he cannot even smoke. If he no-balls a bowler, he is accused of taking the bread out of a man's mouth; if he passes a suspicious action he is branded as a man who is afraid to do his duty; while, in a general way, he is pitched into as an obstinate or unintelligent being, or both. I have stood umpire in many social games, games in which one could get a substitute for half-an-hour, could smoke, and could talk to the players; but I never came off at the end of a day, or even of an afternoon, without being more or less tired, though there had been but little mental strain in this free-and-easy cricket, and no chance of being abused like a pickpocket without the privilege of retort; yet many a professional umpire has to submit to such abuse and to hold his tongue. If we want to get the best of umpiring in the field—I am not talking now of the umpire's theoretical value in matters of opinion—his work ought to be made a great deal lighter. He ought to be allowed a shooting seat, and the solace of tobacco, if he wants it, provided that he does not smoke behind the bowler's arm, or strew the ground with "fags" and extinguished matches. Better still, there should be a third umpire for every match; regular "watches" could easily be organised, and the gain to the players would be considerable, as such a course would prevent or diminish both physical weariness and brain-fag. Finally, the umpires, as the lookers on, not only see most of the game, but more of the game than other lookers-on. They err, like all humans, both in matters of fact and in matters of opinion; but I believe that their mistakes in matters of fact are extraordinarily few, and that in matters of opinion their views are generally so sound, owing to their special experience, that they deserve the most careful consideration. If, however, the Lord's umpires are both obstinate and deficient in intelligence, surely Lord Harris, as a member of the committee, should have weeded out the defaulters. I do not gather that this has been done. W. J. FORD.



MR. MATHEWS has for many years been judge at several of our leading shows of the butter-testing classes for cows of many breeds, but especially of the Jerseys, and he has put into a volume ("Economies in Dairy Farming," COUNTRY LIFE Library) of six chapters a summary of the evidence he has amassed regarding the making of the different kinds of dairying more profitable than they have been.

Before going into more detail regarding the valuable information contained in this volume, we must point out some of its deficiencies. First, we cannot find that the author has made anything of the connection there is between the yellow colour of the skin of some breeds—such as the Jersey and the Guernsey—and the rich colour of the cream and the rich quality of the milk. This is a notable fact which, though accentuated in the above two breeds, applies all round, and is one of the guides to a breeder in improving his animals. We know of a noted cheese and butter maker who breeds prize-winning Ayrshires, and who selects his animals according to the orange richness of the colouring inside their ears and over the skin generally, and with the best result as to improved quality of yield.

We thought that the "Escutcheon theory" of testing or foretelling the milking powers of a cow had long ago died a natural death, but as Mr. Mathews devotes a considerable amount of space to the elucidation of this theory, it is evident he thinks there is something in it. He says that if anyone will take the milk record of his cows and compare these with their respective escutcheons, they will be found to agree; the present reviewer first learnt about Guenon's theory from Professor Gamgee's book published in 1861, and has kept a milk record for many years, and long ago made the comparison our author suggests and found no correspondence whatever. On the other hand, if anyone will just think for a moment that the hairs of mammals, the feathers of birds, and the scales of reptiles and fishes, all run from head to tail, and that those on the back are bound to meet those on the belly at the perineal region—coming together in opposite directions—they will see that the idea is as inherently impossible as that the hair on the tail is connected with the milking power; conversely, if Guenon was right, then the same principle ought to apply to a hen, and we ought to be able to foretell her laying power from an examination of her stern feathers.

Leaving these points aside, we can heartily commend the work to dairymen—especially those who sell milk or make butter—as the work of a man who has had unique experience, not only in testing cows, but in the routine work of successful dairying. We would particularly call attention to his remarks on feeding, and to the fact he points out that many cows have been spoiled and dairies made unprofitable by overfeeding. The animals would yield better if on poorer food. He combats the idea of the German investigator, Wolff, and his English disciple, Warrington, that the "albuminoid ratio" of the food should be one to five,

and recommends the use of one to as low as eight. With this we entirely concur, and this chapter alone is worth the price charged for the entire book, for in nothing is there greater room for economy than in the feeding of our cows, and nothing has done greater harm to dairy farming in this country than the adoption of these German scientific ratios: loss of food, loss of milk from overfeeding, and loss of the cow from milk fever.

In the economical disposal of the milk, our author has some instructive figures to give regarding quality and value for milk selling and the same for butter-making. The comparative butter yielding power of milk from different breeds is given in tables, and their different values to the milk-seller and the butter maker emphasised. We commend the volume to every dairyman who is looking out for wrinkles to help him to economise and increase his production.

We must not close without a word of praise for the illustrations. The volume is full of magnificent full-page plates illustrating cattle—beef breeds *versus* dairy breeds, model cow sheds, pastures, herds, etc. Finally, the author intimates that any profit on the sale of his work is to be handed over to the Agricultural Benevolent Institution. PRIMROSE MCCONNELI.

*Catherine Sterling*, by Norma Lorimer (Heinemann). Catherine, who was everything that is sweet and pure at bottom really, made an unfortunate step at the outset of her life. When she was quite young she went out to Japan to join her father, an eccentric person who lived in Japanese fashion, and found him dead. So, being helpless and innocent, she entered into "a marriage in the sight of God without benefit of clergy," with John Paston, also living in Japanese fashion, but hampered with a wife in England. Then Paston died also, and, at the end of the story Catherine married Hugh Dowling, a somewhat robust and vulgar person, who had pestered her with his attentions on the way out to Japan. But, before this, there was a long interlude, which may best be described as society at large, with a great deal of careful analysis of the feelings of two young women, that is to say, of Catherine and her friend Joan. The book is readable, but cannot be placed in a high class. Miss or Mrs. Lorimer is by way of being a social satirist, but the satire is laboured and the truths of life are not brought out. Here, for example, is an absurdity, palpable to the eye of any man who has been in Knightsbridge any morning in the season. As a matter of fact no woman can touch well-bred English women for looks. But our author thinks otherwise. "Some mothers think that if an ugly daughter is strictly guarded, and treated as if she was liable to be kidnapped if she went out shopping alone, she will be more readily disposed of than one who is allowed the freedom and independence of middle-class girls. Most men would rather kidnap the maids whom one sees accompanying these plain, bleak daughters of the aristocracy on their morning visits to Woolland's, but, nevertheless, they end by marrying the plain daughters upon whom a false value has been so cleverly put."

A very handy little book has just been published by Messrs. George Newnes. It is the second of a series giving sound advice as to where to purchase various articles about which the general public have vague and often erroneous ideas. In this case the title is *How to Buy a Gun*, and the subject is dealt with by two writers. Mr. H. A. Bryden takes up and describes in detail the various forms of sporting rifles, while Mr. Basil Tozer writes about the shot-gun and its accessories. One of the chief objects of the volume is to give an approximate idea as to the price that ought to be paid, and the difficulty of this task becomes at once apparent when it is remembered that a single-barrelled converted rifle is a perfectly safe and a deadly weapon, and can be bought at 18s., while a pair of really good guns are worth anything from 120 to 200 guineas. However, the authors have determined not to lay down hard-and-fast rules, but to strike an average price and to give an idea of the cost of an outfit to suit the requirements and the purse of every class of shooter.

*On Behalf of the Firm*, by Hamilton Drummond (Ward, Lock). One of the best sensational novels that has been published for a long time. The hero, as agent of a great commercial house, is sent to Haiti to avenge the murder of a colleague and to push the interests of the house; and this, after many adventures and hairbreadth escapes, he succeeds in doing. We are reminded in reading, and that frequently, of Mr. Hesketh Prichard's powerful book "Where Black Rules White," of which the title is quoted from memory only. It is not, of course, intended to suggest that Mr. Drummond has made undue use, or indeed any use at all, of Mr. Prichard's book. But those who have read the latter will know from it that the background of Mr. Drummond's story is exceptionally weird and striking, and they will feel, as they follow the fortunes of Mr. Richards of Manchester, as they felt in reading "Where Black Rules White," that the continued existence of the savage, childish, and corrupt republic of Haiti is little short of an outrage to civilisation.

*An Ivory Trader in North Kenya*, by A. Arkell-Hardwick, F.R.G.S. (Longmans). Most likely it may be necessary to refer to this volume at greater length on some later occasion. For the present we must be content to say that it is the simply-written and truthful account of the adventures of an ivory hunter in a district of which very little is known, and that those adventures are very numerous. For the benefit of those who, as the writer was until he looked, are not perfectly equipped in African geography, it may be observed that Mount Kenya is in British East Africa.

"Duke's son, cook's son, son of a belted earl"—all have joined in the chorus of rhapsody touching the index to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and all of their words of praise have been published broadcast in the advertisement columns of various newspapers. Lady doctors and men of science, carpenters and bosun's mates, have combined to cry aloud *Te Jovem Laudamus*, leaving *Tonantem* to be understood for the sake of euphony. So, in uttering words of praise, one is in the best of company, and for that matter in every kind of company. In very truth the index, consisting of 1,058 five-column pages, is simply stupendous. It is the kind of thing which imagination faints



before; it must be seen to be believed in. But after all the only things to be said about it are that it is arranged upon a clear and simple principle, and that it stands the test of reference. It certainly does. The writer fled to it at once upon reading Sir W. T. Hiselton-Dyer's letter in answer to Lord Kelvin, because, if the truth must be told, he had not the vaguest notion what "phlogiston" might mean. He found three references. In each the number in bold face type, in other words, thick and black, told him the volume to which to refer; the number in light face, that is to say, thin type, referred him to the page in that volume, and a letter showed him which part of the page and column he had to refer to. He emerged from his researches stronger in body by dint of some healthy exercises, and with some notion of what "phlogiston" meant. If the notion is not definite that is the fault partly of the subject, partly of him who tried to form the conception. Truly, that index is an appalling thing. It contains, upon a rough calculation, something like three or four hundred thousand entries, and each of them represents labour done by some expert, or, at any rate, by some fairly competent enquirer, and information stored in an easily accessible form for the convenience of him or her who owns the *Encyclopædia*. In a word, the editors are well entitled to plume themselves upon having completed a stupendous task, and their departmental subordinates and contributors thoroughly deserve the acknowledgment which is given to them in the preface.

"Completed is the glorious work." It is not faultless, of course. Nothing that is human can be that; but the errors which have been detected—some of them indeed have been noted in these columns—are to be found for the most part in the quite minor articles. It is not, even now, quite up to date. For example, the article on Queensland, written by a learned man who died early in 1901, is sadly wanting. Also, in many respects, it is bound to fall out of date, and that very soon, for not only does science make material advances, but also the sum of human knowledge concerning the history of the past is advanced daily through the labours of excavators. But it is by a long way the most perfect and indispensable thing of its kind extant in this world of ours, and humanity is very decidedly the richer by its possession.

Men have laughed at the *Encyclopædia*, and the conductors of the enterprise have not winced, for they knew that the laughter was but in the nature of a good-humoured welcome to a grand achievement. Concerning the funniest of the skits, now possessed of a reputation all over the English-speaking world as "Wisdom While You Wait," a little anecdote may not be out of place. It was shown to the writer in its original form, when it was published for private circulation only, and he revelled in it. Particularly did he delight in a passage purporting to be a parody on M. de Blowitz's article on De Lesseps, afterwards omitted because M. de Blowitz died, to the regret of all who knew his splendid work. Reference showed the parody to be nothing more than an extract from the original; but it passed muster and was acclaimed as parody. Then the writer learned that the reason why this collection of real gems of sparkling humour appeared without a publisher's name was that those who had been selected as publishers fought shy at the last moment. Their reluctance, or their timidity, argued ill for their courage, or for their opinion of the magnanimity of the *Times*. So the writer introduced the skit to a good friend who is a publisher, and the world is the merrier, and the author and publisher are the richer, and nobody is a penny the worse for the jest. This was but another instance of the proverbial blindness of publishers to their own interests. Another is to be found in the fact that the author of "Wee Macgregor," a booklet which has convulsed the community not less than "Wisdom While You Wait," actually could not find a Scotch publisher to accept his manuscript, and was forced to bring out his own book. Ah me! How those Scotch publishers are mourning their incapacity to appreciate real humour, and what a blessing it is to think that the flouted author is now a made man, who, like Mr. Dooley, can command his own price. Yet even Mr. Dooley was a long time before he had the opportunity of getting at the public. When he did, success was rapid.

*Seventeen Trips through Somaliland and a Visit to Abyssinia*, by Major H. G. Swayne, R.E., third edition (Rowland Ward). "This was written before the annihilation of the flying column under Colonel Plunkett on

April 17th."—such is the footnote to the preface to the third edition of this useful work, and in particular to a passage in which it is stated that the Mullah is not likely to attack a zeriba again or to attack in the open. In effect this fact goes far to nullify the value of the preface, which consists mainly of an account of the recent history of Somaliland and of the operations under the conduct of Colonel Swayne, the author's brother. On the other hand, the main text of the book maintains its original value as an account of sport and of social phenomena in Somaliland, and a fresh edition is particularly appropriate to the present moment.

*Re-echoes from Coondambo*, by Robert Bruce (John Long). This is a book of South Australian verse, redolent of the bush and of Australian society. Mr. Bruce modestly tells us that his aim has been "rather to present life-like pictures than to pose as a poet," and he is justified of his claim. After all, this rugged verse does conjure up pictures, although it is occasionally very near akin to poetry. Where it is not so akin it really would be more readable as prose.

*Our Sons—Their Start in Life* (the *Guardian* Office). These articles, dealing with education for the professions and for the civil service, with its approximate cost in various cases, are the most practical and highly condensed things of their kind that have come under our notice for a long time. They may be recommended with confidence.

"The Dictionary of National Biography" is one of the great treasures which may be fairly described as belonging to the country as a whole. It is one of the few books that has been done for patriotic reasons in England, and we are glad to welcome anything which will help to make its contents more available. Such a work is before us in the shape of the *Dictionary of National Biography, Index and Epitome* (Smith, Elder), which Mr. Sidney Lee has edited with his accustomed thoroughness and intelligence. The volume itself was designed by the late Mr. George Smith, and is intended to form a summary guide to the vast and various contents of the Dictionary and its Supplement. Every name about which a biography is given is mentioned here, and the facts epitomised so that in many cases the student is able to obtain from it what he wants without troubling to refer to the larger dictionary. It is a most convenient and useful work.

Those who wear the sock and buskin have ever from the earliest times been an interesting people, and never more so than to-day. This in itself would justify the publication by George Newnes, Limited, of the sumptuous volume of *Players of the Day*, which after appearing in monthly parts is now sent out as a complete book. It contains forty-eight heliographs accompanied by brief but lightly written and interesting biographies of each. The pictures touch the high-water mark of colour reproductions, and cannot fail to give satisfaction to those who affect the profession of Roscius.

*The Century Book of Gardening*, "COUNTRY LIFE Library," has taken such a strong hold on popular favour that it would be superfluous to sound its praises here. For the convenience of such of our readers as prefer that way of acquiring it, we issue it in sixpenny numbers, a plan which has many advantages from the readers' point of view, as it enables the work to be studied in detail as it appears. The welcome which the first four numbers have had is the best proof that some such issue was required.

We have received from Edward Arnold a series of *Country Readers*, evidently designed for Board Schools. They are very well calculated to inspire a love of the country, and also impart that knowledge of rural things which ought to be the foundation of the education of every English boy and girl.

## THE LILY-TREE.

THERE is peach blossom in April, a flood of flowers in garden and mead, and a tender green over the landscape, but no tree and no flower more wonderful than the magnolia called M. conspicua. It is a tree of "lilies"—pure, snowy goblets which whiten the dark, leafless branches, and distil a warm, exotic fragrance into the fresh spring air. Sometimes a withering east wind and sharp morning frosts sully the exquisite goblets, but occasionally they escape, and at the moment of writing, when they are just opening to the sun, they have every chance of preserving their beauty until the big petals flutter to the ground.

Scattered throughout British gardens are many noble lily-trees, which have been generally and wisely planted in sheltered recesses, perhaps with dark, thick-foliaged, evergreen oak as a background to provide some shelter from the uncertain weather of mid-spring; but the tree itself is hardy—more so than many of its race which luxuriate in the milder counties of Devonshire and Cornwall.

The illustrations display the pictorial beauty of the lily-tree. In one the expanded flowers are shown thick-set upon the leafless branches; in another the mound of blossom by the edge of woodland; and in the third, in fuller exposure, with the figures of children as a scale to the height of what may be regarded as one of our finest specimens, a veteran of the age of seventy-five years and height of 23ft., but it will reach double the dimensions recorded,



A FLOWERING BRANCH OF THE LILY-TREE (MAGNOLIA) IN APRIL.

though we are unaware of such specimens in England.

It may interest readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* to know something of the history of so famous a magnolia. It is a native of China, and was introduced into England in 1789 by Sir Joseph Banks. At first it lived the life of most things from abroad. Every tree and shrub was supposed to require a hothouse, and in a stewing temperature the lily-tree languished until rescued by those who knew something of its nature and its importance in woodland and pleasure ground. Loudon, in his famous "Arboretum Britannicum," a monumental work long out of print, records the interesting fact that it "began to be cultivated in China in the year 627." Whether this is correct or not, we know that the Chinese hold this magnolia in great esteem, and plant it abundantly in their gardens. In the Imperial garden it is kept in pots and boxes, to provide, by a forcing treatment, a never-failing supply for the Royal apartments. There are few large gardens without a lily-tree, and those who contemplate planting it must remember that exposure to east and north-east winds is destructive to all flower beauty. A sheltered position, such as is shown in the illustration of the tree with children near, is the one to bring the lily-like blooms to perfection.

Almost any soil seems to suit this magnolia. It is happy upon clay, but happier still in warm, loamy, and well-drained land, where the roots are free from anything approaching stagnation. In many gardens the tree is planted against a wall. Probably this, in the first place, had its origin in a supposed tenderness of growth, a trial trip to the open from the greenhouse; but so beautiful is it in this position that many now plant it with wistaria, jasmine, and climbers generally. It is thus planted in the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at Chiswick, and there is a spreading mass of it at Munstead. When severe frosts threaten, it is quite easy to protect the flowers in the way that the gardener shields the early peach and apricot flowers, by scrim canvas or similar material. Of the varieties of the yulan we shall not write; the type itself is sufficient for the present note.

## A PLEASANT . . . NEIGHBOURHOOD.

MOST of our readers will remember the delightful series of articles which appeared in our pages, under the title of "Things About Our Neighbourhood," during the course of last year. The author, Menie Muriel Dowie, has collected them into a volume, which she publishes through Mr. Grant Richards. It contains one or two papers in addition to those which we had the pleasure of publishing, notably two



A FAMOUS MAGNOLIA (*M. CONSPICUA*), 75 YEARS OLD & 23ft. HIGH.

poems; "The Ballad of the Moon-dogs" is exceptionally fine, and we quote the first verse of it:

"On the moors in the Moon-land,  
The dead dogs range,  
Where the bracken's always ruddy,  
And the seasons never change;  
Where the gorse has ne'er a prickle,  
And the Moon-heather's sweet,  
And they gallop all the year through  
And never hurt their feet."

The papers themselves read even better consecutively than they did when appearing from time to time in our columns. The characteristics of the writer are pretty well known, although a country book from her must have come as a great surprise, since we are apt to forget "A Girl in the Karpathians" in thinking of her later successes; but abundant justification is given to her choice of theme by her treatment of it. Miss Dowie, as she informs us in her text, was a country girl long before she was an authoress, and laid the foundation of her subsequent knowledge in the wilds of Scotland, where she picked up many of the curious bits of information that come now with so sudden a surprise and charm. Later we seem to get a good deal of local colour from Hampshire and the other southern counties. Her writing is always light, almost to the point of levity, and it is invariably clever, though it may seem heretical to suggest that it is occasionally too much so; but her work is a very agreeable change from the average out-of-door book. Someone has classified all that kind of work as market-gardening literature, but the phrase is not very happy, because the fact is that the majority of writers, when they come to talk about Nature, fall into a kind of semi-imbecile rant that the vulgar call prose-poetry, but which is neither verse nor prose. Women writers, perhaps, are not so prone to this as men, but instead they are addicted to the atrocious habit of quoting slabs of poetry in the things they write about gardens and gardening. Our authoress may be freely acquitted of any sins of this kind. At times, especially when writing about "Terry," she can be sentimental, but the sentiment is as fine as it is frugal. Again, her sympathies are not always hung out to dry, as it were, but they are very strong when she does give expression to them. The restrained beauty of the chapter called "An Old Labourer" is not excelled by anything in the volume. We have not space to quote at length from it, but the finish and delicacy of the writer's craftsmanship will be evident from a glance at the last paragraph of the chapter:

"'Old Christmas left his pick,' he said.

"I looked. He had always 'fancied' his own tools. The handle was shiny and smooth, as though lacquered with his toil and strength. I keep it, but I do not let it be used. He will not want it—in the 'malm-land' where he is gone, and his like will never come again to use it."

The delicate simplicity of the following will commend itself to all lovers of good writing:

"I suppose it's my beautiful myrtle—Alfred's modest gift to me when we left that September—which I have just brought in for the winter, that has set me thinking of all that time; it has been beaded with cream-pink buds fit for a bride's bouquet, and is now in berry and so sweet!"

The book may be heartily recommended to all who have a genuine love of the country without any desire to hear it described in dithyrambs.



THE YULAN (*MAGNOLIA CONSPICUA*) AT WOODLAND EDGE.



## A CINDERELLA IN SABOTS.

By EVELYNE E. RYND.

THERE is an elder sisterhood of industry and pride as well as the fairy story elder sisterhood of idleness and pride.

It is almost as bad to be the dreamer of an industrious family as it is to be the drudge of an idle one, while in both cases a pretty face and an unretaliating tongue are aggravations that add point to bitterness.

Brigitte Grêtin was of the company of dreamers.

Of what she dreamt she could not have said, but at odd moments, generally as inconvenient as they were odd, her hands would slacken and her eyes grow fixed, and the sheaf would fall, or the spud support suddenly arrested arms, or the suds bubble themselves out round slim unheeding wrists, plunged deep and still in water that should have been seething under vigorous hands; and there was the work undone, and still to do, when the sun set over fair Normandy.

"Who will ever desire thee in marriage?" said Agathe, the sharp-tongued, the much-wooded. "Thou dreamer, thou idler, thou useless one! Thou who art known in all Arromanches for

sisters who lived in the old inland farm behind the little fishing village.

"See the reward of an industrious maiden," was what Arromanches said to its daughters, when Agathe's engagement to an extremely well-to-do, if somewhat elderly, farmer was announced. It was an eminently satisfactory engagement in every detail, and, when her turn came, Amelie might certainly be expected to fare no less enviably. But as for Brigitte! Arromanches shook a compassionate head anew over Brigitte; and several energetic matrons, old friends of the family, made the occasion a text for fresh admonishings. Brigitte really must mend her ways. Unless she did so, the good fortune that had befallen her virtuous sister would never befall her, and then what would she do? Why, her uselessness was becoming a proverb in the place; all Arromanches knew, for instance, of the way she had wasted a whole week's cream by giving it to the fattening pig instead of the five times skimmed milk. Would anyone worth having ever desire so careless a maiden for a wife? It certainly seemed unlikely. No one appeared



M. Emil Frechon.

"HER HANDS WOULD SLACKEN AND HER EYES GROW FIXED."

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a lazy baggage! A wise man looks for more in a wife than blue eyes and a head of hair that it would be better to cut off entirely than keep so untidy. Behold the galette burnt again to a cinder! and did I tell thee twice or thrice that it needed looking to? It is beyond patience."

Agathe and Amelie never dreamt. They worked. They knitted, and milked, and hoed, and gleaned, and baked; they made the cider and laboured in the fields. They were certainly the Marthas of the household; but to say that Brigitte was its Mary would be to decide a question the ages have never yet answered alike. *Rôles* vary according to the play; it is hard on the Marthas to label that the better part, which, if the whole family were cast for it, would certainly have eventually to be pursued in the workhouse.

At the same time, it is bewildering when one finds one's self expected to perform successfully in a drama in which the part for which one is cast does not occur at all, and where the only cues one can answer are never called.

In Arromanches, as in the household itself, there was small question as to which was the worthiest of the three motherless

to wish to marry her—Brigitte the dreamer, Brigitte the foolish. The plain Agathe had had many offers, and even the plainer Amelie's admirers ran into two numbers. Youths in search of housewives came round this notable couple like bees after honey. But no one asked to marry Brigitte, though some looked at her sideways. Norman farmers are a thrifty folk, and the hopeless traits that characterised the subdued silent little sister who dwelt in the background of the Grêtin household, were well known. The elder sisters took care of that; their complaints rang to the heavens. So Cinderella remained among the ashes, and sometimes wept there over her own misdoings.

Now, it happened, as they say in the fairy stories that are like enough to life except for their endings, that le Père Grêtin had a sister who had an only son, and when this good lady wrote to offer congratulations on Agathe's prospective settlement in life, she propounded a scheme for the settlement of Amelie also.

"The characters and accomplishments of your elder daughters," she said, "are such that no mother could ask for better in her son's wife. My Paul is, of course, as handsome

and as good as he is clever, but he has at times shown evidences of a slight restlessness, a little uncertainty, which, though natural in one so high-spirited, cause us to feel it desirable that he should settle early in life with a steady and capable wife, one who will make his home so comfortable that he will speedily be led to abandon the seafaring life he has so regrettably chosen, and join his father in business, according to our most earnest desire. We are able to make —" From this point the letter ran on into financial proposals of an interesting nature, highly satisfactory to all concerned, especially the future *fiancée* herself.

In short, after a family council between Agathe and Amelie, with le Père Grètin in the chimney-corner as a concession to convention and ceremony of which nobody took any further notice, a letter of acceptance and approval was written by Agathe in her father's name, and despatched to the seaport where their aunt and her family dwelt. The young man would be very welcome should he care to come on a visit and make the



Fréchet. "AND GLEANED, . . . AND LABOURED IN THE FIELDS." Copyright

acquaintance of his cousin as a preliminary step. It was better to proceed with discretion in these matters. For the rest, "My father is able to make —"

It is to be presumed that the financial proposals with which Agathe in her turn therewith proceeded to deal proved as satisfactory to the Grèlottes as those of the latter had been to the Grètins, for the next letter from the seaport announced that the young man, with many thanks and affectionate messages to all his cousins, but especially to the amiable Amelie, hoped to pay a visit to Arromanches in two weeks' time.

"What wilt thou do when Amelie and I are married?" said Agathe, agitatedly, to her father when affairs had reached this stage. "It is dreadful to contemplate how thou and the farm will rush together immediately to ruin."

"It is indeed dreadful," said le Père Grètin, meekly.

"Nevertheless, it is necessary that I should marry," said Amelie, hastily.

"It is certainly necessary," agreed le Père Grètin.

"It would be well if Amelie were to wait a year," said Agathe, whereupon there ensued a short wrangle, which was closed by the assertion from Amelie that she would be married the hour Agathe was married and not a moment later.

"Since Amelie refuses to listen to reason," said Agathe, "we can only endeavour to rouse Brigitte to a sense of her duty in the time that remains."

This was longer than it might have been, for Agathe could not bring herself to leave the farm before the summer harvesting was over.

"Thou shalt have me to manage for thee one harvest more, father," she assured le Père Grètin, who blinked with benevolent old eyes from among his many wrinkles, and said nothing.

So Brigitte was harried here and hustled there, and the good curé was begged to advise her, and the good neighbours advised her without any begging, but it all seemed little use, and le Père Grètin listened from his corner while his elder daughters ejaculated in ascending scales on the miserable fate that awaited him when he and the house and the farm should be abandoned to the care of Cinderella.

About three days before Paul arrived, his photograph did so. Agathe and Amelie, who unwrapped the parcel, received it with ejaculations of surprise and rapture. Then they fell into silence, and finally they glanced at one another.

Brigitte sat darning in the window, and le Père Grètin was in his corner.

"Brigitte," said Agathe, "it is time thou wert in bed."

"But it is very early yet, sister," said Brigitte.

"There is the more hope that thou wilt be early to-morrow morning," said Agathe. "Go."

When she was gone the two sisters looked at each other once more.

"It will be better that Brigitte should pay a short visit to our good aunt, the sister of our mother," said Agathe, pursing her lips.

"As thou wilt," said Amelie, with a fine air of unconcern. "I do not see the necessity myself."

"It is perhaps as well that I do," replied her sister, whereat Amelie tossed her head and remarked that she, for her part, had never been able to perceive any beauty in a thin face and a tow-coloured head.

"Others might see less in a face that is not thin and a head that is not tow-coloured," said the candid Agathe. "He is an extremely good parti, and we will run no risks. It is thou who must marry him."

When le Père Grètin was shown Paul's photograph he suddenly chuckled, an event so rare and unexpected that his daughters looked at him in astonished indignation.

"Why dost thou laugh, father?" demanded the flushed Amelie.

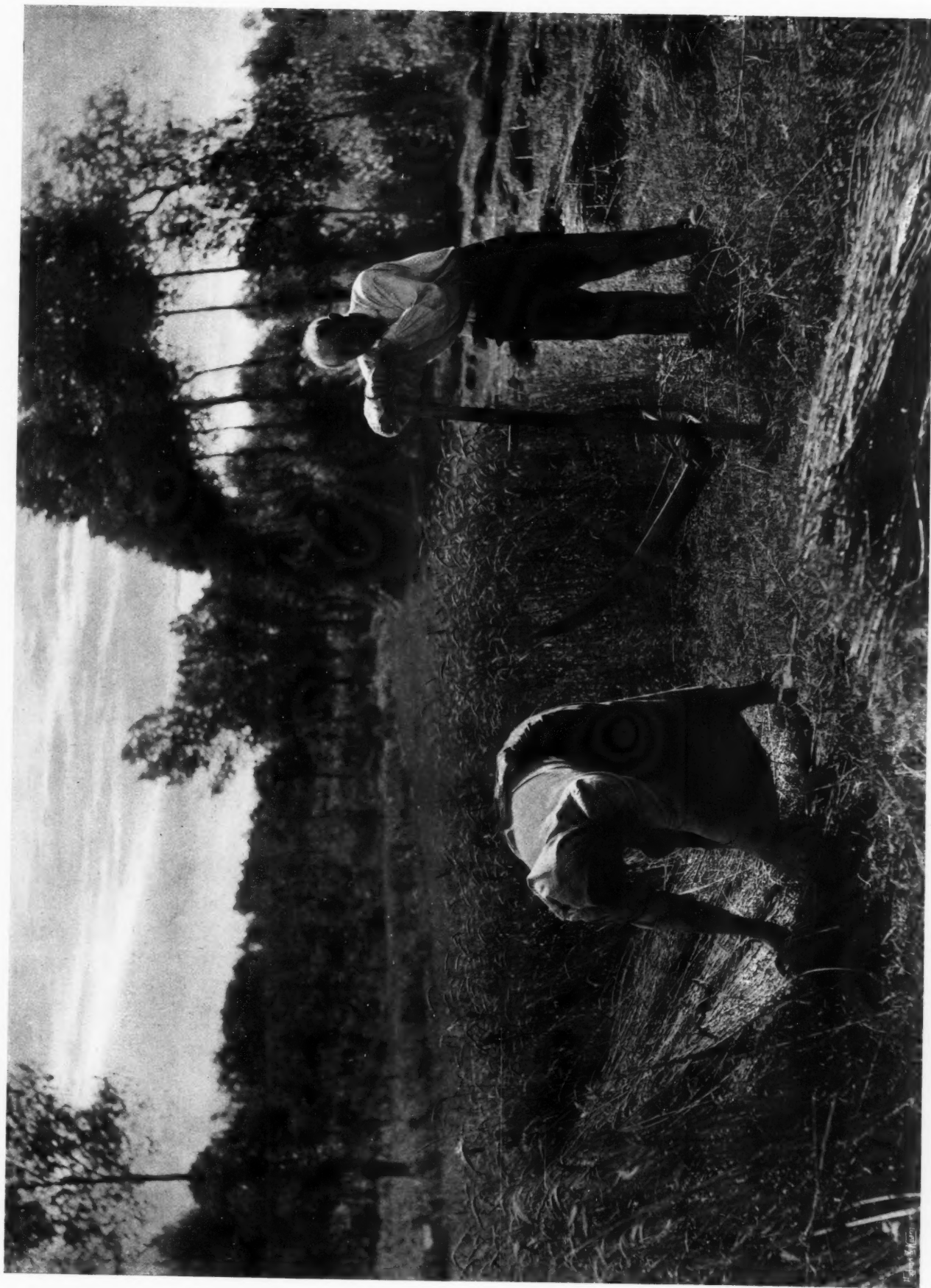
"It is certainly better that the little Brigitte should pay a visit to our good aunt," said le Père Grètin, hastily, composing his countenance.

"I hope I can hold my own against a chit like that," cried Amelie, furiously. "Let her dare — It is insulting —"

"Chut, chut!" said Agathe. "It is known that most men are fools. There is, moreover, something in our cousin's face which leads one to think he might not appreciate thy good qualities as a housewife so fully as his mother desires were there aught else to distract him. Let him see what a manager thou art, and how in such things there are few to compare with thee. If men are fools, they also love comfort, and know it when it is shown them. Brigitte would but be in the way with her stupidities and her moon eyes. She shall go to our good aunt to-morrow."

Brigitte heard her fate with composure. She asked for no explanation, and she certainly would not have received the correct one had she done so. The good aunt, who lived in a farm almost five miles further inland, was old and harsh-tempered, but an exchange of task mistresses is no great matter when all alike are





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"THOU SHALT HAVE ME TO MANAGE FOR THEE ONE HARVEST MORE," SHE SAID.

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severe. As to her cousin Paul, his coming was an event that did not concern her in any way. He was to marry Amelie, and that in itself was sufficient to divest him of any interest in her eyes. She did not understand, however, why, whenever he looked at her, her father should smile. Once, as she came in under a heavy load of half-dried linen, and, dropping it on the settle, straightened herself, flushed and breathless, he, coming in at the same moment, suddenly chuckled so loudly that she gazed at him in astonishment. Amelie and Agathe were outdoors at work, and the kitchen was empty.

"It is certainly wise that Brigitte should pay a little visit to our good aunt," said le Père Grêtin, and chuckled again.

That evening Brigitte, with her small bundle in one hand, and a letter, fully explaining the situation to the good aunt, in the other, trudged off on her five miles walk. And the next day Paul arrived at the Grêtin homestead behind Arromanches.

Four days passed without anything of importance taking place in either farm. Paul's looks, Paul's manners, and Paul's courtesies were all that could be desired. It was agreed that his photograph had belied him; his face showed nothing whatever of the bold keen laughing look which had roused the apprehension of his elder cousins. If anything, he was almost too silent and sober. But he tasted Amelie's butter, and Amelie's cider, and Amelie's cooking. He observed evidences of Amelie's handiwork on all sides, and he praised everything none the less warmly because he knew nothing at all about it. Amelie herself smiled on him constantly, which was, perhaps, a pity, as her mouth was even wider at such times than it appeared when in repose.

The financial questions, when they came to be discussed verbally, proved yet more satisfactory than the letters had made apparent. In short, all was as it should be. It needed but that Paul should speak. Agathe, in her character of an engaged maiden and his elder cousin, gave him much good advice, and, incidentally, several openings.

"It is time thou shouldst settle, cousin," she said, in a motherly manner, "and give up this roving life that does so grieve thy good mother, our aunt."

"Thou art doubtless right, cousin," said Paul, twisting his moustache, and looking at her with sober eyes. "It comes into my head also."

He did not mention whether it was a welcome or otherwise that the idea received when it came into his head, and it was impossible to guess anything from the enigmatical gravity of his countenance. But the sisters were confident. All was going well. No one could have expressed more appreciation of the housewifely qualities of Amelie.

"A man knows comfort when it is shown him," said Agathe, nodding her head.

This was true enough, and were all men like the elderly farmer who had proved his possession of the knowledge by desiring Agathe in marriage, Paul would have married Amelie, all would have been as the best interests of the two families required, and there would have been no story to tell of the old farm behind Arromanches.

But there are other interests besides those the world calls "best"; and sometimes, though not always, a man knows something else when Fate shows it him—something which has a call more intimate and is a sweeter consideration than even his "comfort."

On the fourth day it happened that a great commotion arose in the little farm where Brigitte toiled five miles from her home. The old aunt received a letter to say that a still older cousin, from whom she had expectations, was lying very ill at Bayeux, and she must come at once, for no will had been made and relations were gathering thick and fast. From the moment that she heard that her own interests were imperilled, everybody else's vanished from the old aunt's head. Paul and Amelie and Brigitte, and all the Grêtins together, tumbled out of her mind. Within the hour she was on her way to Bayeux, and not a soul in the farm had been told any more than Brigitte herself why the latter had been sent thither, nor what reason there might be for her being kept in strict seclusion, for the good aunt had forgotten all about it.

"Should not my sisters be given the news of our poor cousin's illness?" asked Brigitte.

"Yes, no, yes," said the good aunt, bustling into the cart. "They can have no interests—nor indeed has anyone—vile fortune-hunters—Charlotte was ever my dearest—but still they are cousins—perhaps it would be better—yes—And with this last agitated, preoccupied ejaculation she was gone.

Thus, a few hours later, a thunderbolt fell on the Grêtin farm.

"My aunt desired me to tell you that our cousin in Bayeux is very ill, sister."

Brigitte stood in the doorway of the old kitchen, and looked down upon the four occupants who were seated amiably therein at supper. She was flushed from her long walk; her hair, never very orderly at the best of times, had broken loose altogether from the confines of her cap.

At her sudden appearance the supper party gave a tremendous start, and then sat and stared.

The silence and the eyes daunted Brigitte. She could not tell what she had done that was wrong, but there was no mistaking the speechless rage that was gathering in the faces of the two sisters. Paul, alert, interested, surprised, wholly at sea, glanced at his elder cousins for a clue.

Who was this pretty child? Why did everyone look so strange?

"My aunt is gone to Bayeux—she desired me—she said," faltered Brigitte, looking from one to the other; and at that moment a sudden and extremely loud chuckle broke from le Père Grêtin, who immediately tried to look as if he wondered who on earth could have made such a noise. Paul sprang to his feet.

"Have I yet another cousin?" he said, eagerly. "Tiens! Of course I have! If I had not forgotten! A thousand pardons, my cousin. It was the surprise—"

Amelie gasped, and Agathe arose.

"Is *this* the way to communicate the sorrowful news of the illness of our poor relative in Bayeux?" she ejaculated, in an awful voice. She swept upon Brigitte.

"Come with me," she said.

When it was quite dark that night a little figure came out of the Grêtin farmhouse. It came out by the back way, and departed by the fields. Another figure stood in the doorway watching it go. Not till it was quite out of sight did this second figure shut the door, and with it the last gleam of light from a moonless night to the eyes of a most unwilling little pilgrim. The way through the fields leads by the pond, and there, even in hot weather, the leakage of the spring that fills it spreads far and wide in a rutted hoof-holed sweep of clay mud.

It was too dark to choose one's steps, even had one been going with a less bewildered heart and hanging head than was Brigitte. Halfway across she put her foot into the deep round hole left by the mighty hoof of a cart-horse, and when the little foot came out its sabot did not. A desperate hunt ensued; but the sabot was still in the hole when its owner, the tears falling from her eyes, gave up the useless search in the dark, and went forward barefoot on her lonely walk. It was no great hardship to the little Norman peasant to walk barefoot; the limp caused by one shod and one shoeless foot would have been insupportable, while one certainly could not sacrifice one's stockings; but the night was so dark she could not choose her way across the rough fields, and she came on stones and thorns at every third step. Moreover, how was she to retrieve the sabot since she might not revisit the farm, whatever happened, till she was sent for? She bedewed the five miles with tears of weariness and sorrow.

Thus it happened that the next morning when Paul, wandering restlessly round the farm with his hands in his pockets, came picking his way across the mud by the pond, he suddenly perceived, in a deep hole in front of him, a little sabot. He looked at it thoughtfully before he picked it up. It was much worn and wonderfully small.

He took it into the kitchen, where he found le Père Grêtin alone.

He had asked his cousins Amelie and Agathe a good many questions about that sudden apparition of the night before, and the answers, while they touched his heart, had also changed the current of his thoughts.

Brigitte was a grief, a burden, a sorrow to her family. She was now visiting an old aunt, for the sake of her health, some miles away. She had run away from her—oh, no; certainly she had not been sent back alone!—a farm hand had gone with her. Alas! she had traits and tendencies that made her friends very anxious; she required care and solitude; she was utterly idle and selfish and heedless; she was almost—well, one hardly liked to say it—but a little—Agathe touched her head significantly.

"La pauvre petite," said Paul, in the deepest compassion. "Well, if that is so! The unfortunate child! And so sweet a little face."

Finding le Père Grêtin alone in the kitchen, he placed the sabot on the table, and, drawing back, looked at it gravely, with his head a little on one side.

"My uncle," he said, "have the kindness to inform me whether that is the sabot of my cousin Amelie or my cousin Agathe."

"If thou canst not answer thy question for thyself," said le Père Grêtin, "thou art less of a man than I took thee for."

"Sapristi!" said Paul, much taken aback. He looked in astonishment at his hitherto mild and silent old uncle, and met the glance of a lively and twinkling eye. His own involuntarily changed.

"Fie, fie; thou art not so blind as that comes to," said le Père Grêtin. "Or does a dowry verily rob thee of eyes as it robs others? Where didst thou find the sabot?"

Paul told him.

"Then it is the sabot of Brigitte, whom they sent back to her aunt last night. Thou mightest pare for a week before the



foot of Amelie or Agathe would go into it. That thou knowest as well as I—thou and thy questions. And one might as well endeavour to get the foot of Amelie into it as fit thee into the mould thy good parents desire, and that thou knowest also."

"My uncle, I endeavour to look but where my good parents bid me look," said Paul, solemnly.

"Bien! Then take thy eyes from that sabot," said le Père Grêtin.

Paul did so hastily, and then sighed.

"It is so small," he remarked. "La pauvre petite. She has also such a pretty face."

"Brigitte?" said le Père Grêtin. He chuckled till he nearly burst. "Thou art right, my nephew. She had been here else."

"What?" said Paul, with a slight start.

"She had been here else," repeated le Père Grêtin. "There had been no need for the little visit to the good aunt. But she is heedless and careless and a dreamer; that is quite true. Ah! she makes mistakes till one could weep. She and I and the farm will all rush to ruin together immediately after the marriage of Amelie and Agathe. It is settled beyond question."

and a dowry, and settle to business in a town? Nay, I know better. Cooked meats will not lure a merlin."

"Have the goodness to answer my question," said Paul.

"Ask for the farm of la Mère Alphonse, five miles off," said le Père Grêtin, with a chuckle that well-nigh choked him.

The old cousin in Bayeux remained extremely ill for some time, and finally refused to die at all, which obliged her relatives, and the good aunt among them, to spend not only one extremely uncomfortable week in Bayeux, but very nearly two.

But for those weeks Brigitte, alone except for the farm servants, worked and dreamt untroubled in the little farm, and for the first time in her life knew what it was to be at peace. Having no task-mistress to force her to them, she laid extra burdens on herself, and would not let herself lapse into dreaming till she had performed every duty with a thoroughness and diligence that Agathe and Amelie themselves could not have surpassed. But when the labours of the day were over and the evening drew near there was no one to say her nay when she took her knitting and went out into the orchard. There she walked, and knitted as she walked, and dreamt as she knitted. The light, and singing, and



M. Emil Frechon.

HIS BOAT WAS LYING WAITING FOR HIM AT THE QUAYSIDE.

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The prospect did not seem to depress him. He chuckled once more.

"But she is——" Paul touched his head as Agathe had done. "Is she not, la pauvre?"

"Dost thou mean she is a fool?" said le Père Grêtin bluntly.

"Yes," replied Paul. "Is it not so?"

"Who told thee as much?"

"Agathe and Amelie."

"Thou art a fool thyself," said le Père Grêtin.

"Now that I look at thee close, my uncle," said Paul, after a pause, "I fear thou art a sinner."

"I do not need to look at thee close to be sure that thou art one, my nephew," said le Père Grêtin. At this moment steps and voices were heard approaching. "Worthier housewives never were," said le Père Grêtin in a loud voice. "A farm better managed, a house better kept——"

The door opened. Amelie and Agathe appeared, and there was no sabot on the table. But that night Paul managed to ask a question unobserved.

"Where dwells the maiden whom the sabot fits?" he whispered.

"Now thou lookest as thou dost in thy photograph," said le Père Grêtin, approvingly. "Wouldst thou marry a housewife

breaking of blossom round her were such company as left nothing to be desired.

But one evening a sudden sound startled the thrushes, a sudden shadow fell across the grass, a sudden step came up the orchard path; and there was the Prince, keen-eyed, eager, interested, with the shoe in his hand.

Brigitte did not know who he was. She had had eyes for nothing but the angry faces of her sisters during that dismayed moment at the kitchen door, of which his eyes had made such good use. Who then was this dark-eyed stranger coming up with such a confident bearing? She stood, her knitting-needles arrested, and gazed at him in astonishment.

"My cousin Brigitte, is it not?" said Paul, cap in hand.

Then, with a gasp, she realised who he was.

"Is anything wrong at home, Monsieur?" she said. For this was the first explanation that suggested itself.

"Nothing; God be thanked!" said Paul, piously. "All goes well; and a better-managed household was never seen. But didst thou not leave something behind thee when thou wast last there? See. I have brought it thee, and I would have come before, but it seemed as though I should never be able to get away."

He held out the sabot. Brigitte only glanced at it. Her wide apprehensive eyes returned to his face.

"Do my sisters know you are here, Monsieur?" she said, timidly.

"No," said Paul, indifferent in his turn. "How didst thou manage these five long miles without thy sabot?"

"I beg you to return, Monsieur," said Brigitte, in growing agitation.

"Why?" said Paul. "Wilt thou send me away when I am scarcely come? Is this thy reception of a cousin so amiable and hitherto unknown? It is hardly polite."

"My sisters will be—they will not—it is better," faltered Brigitte, looking at him with filling eyes, and a vivid memory of the stinging words with which the said sisters had driven their will in this matter into her head.

"Tiens, it is not worth a tear," said Paul, hastily. "I did but tease thee. I will return, little cousin. I will do anything thou dost desire. But why say 'you' to me? We are cousins, thou and I. And before I go, let us make sure the little sabot is thine. It is so small I cannot think it belongs to so tall a maiden, and if so I have had my journey for nothing. Sit down here and let us see."

Brigitte sat down mechanically on the lichened trunk of the fallen apple tree he indicated. She did not know what to make of the situation; she was thinking of other things besides sabots, and her eyes were full of dismay and fear.

"How did you know I was here, Monsieur?" she asked.

"Till I am asked as a cousin should be asked, I cannot answer thee," said Paul, solemnly.

"How didst thou know I was here, my cousin?" said Brigitte's shy voice.

"Good," said Paul. "Know that thy father sent me."

"My father?"

"Yes. Art thou satisfied now? Can there be any harm in coming when thy father himself sent me?"

But Brigitte's bewilderment was only intensified by this news. There must indeed be a singular state of affairs at home!

"Then can I return?" she enquired.

"I believe not," returned Paul, gravely. "Thy father thinks it will be more conducive to the peace and happiness of all concerned that thou shouldst remain here for a few days more. The five miles are certainly long enough, but I have a suspicion I shall not find them too far." He knelt down. "Give me thy foot," he said. She had first to kick off an old slipper of her aunt's with which she had temporarily replaced the lost sabot. Then, even over the thick knitted stocking, the little wooden shoe slipped on with an ease and familiarity that betokened it at home.

"It is undoubtedly thine," said Paul, his head still bent meditatively over the foot in his hand.

"Yes, it is mine," said Brigitte. "I lost it in the mud coming here, and could not find it in the dark."

"It is even too big for thee," said Paul. "I never saw a smaller foot."

Brigitte withdrew it and stood up. She looked down at him with her candid child's eyes.

"My cousin," she said, "I thank thee for bringing me my sabot. Its loss was very inconvenient. I am very grateful. I shall be glad if thou wilt go away now and not return."

Paul laughed, and laughed again.

"A more ardent welcome I could not have imagined," he said. "A thousand thanks, my cousin. But I forgive thee, and since I am already most appropriately at thy feet I will also obey thee—this time. But it is for this time only. I go, but I have every intention of returning." He stood up in his turn. "Is the good aunt still at Bayeux?"

"Till Saturday," said Brigitte.

"It fills me with despair that the pleasure of making her acquaintance must be so long postponed," said Paul, politely. "Meanwhile, armed with the commands of thy father, which thou wilt not dare disregard, I will take every opportunity of becoming better acquainted with her farm, and, incidentally, her niece also."

Thus it happened that Cinderella, being able to wear the shoe, came from her ashes at the Prince's call. During the week that followed the interview above recorded other things besides blossoms budded and flowered in the orchards of la Mère Alphonse, which Paul, who could steer as ably by land as by sea, managed to visit nearly every day with nothing worse than the chuckles of le Père Grêtin to bless his departure and welcome his return.

While Brigitte sat and knitted, Paul lay and watched her, his chin on his palms and his eyes on her face.

When no evil followed his coming, nor any sign of wrath from her sisters, she took him simply and confidently into her life. Little by little she took him into her confidence also, gradually gaining heart when she found he neither rebuked nor laughed at her.

He followed her, curiously at first, then humbly and eagerly. He added to her store of dreams, and gave colour and locality to her visions. He told her of the seas he sailed, the countries he knew, the harbours he visited; he told her of his boat, now

lying waiting him at the quayside, his boat whom he loved better than anything in the world, "except one thing."

She did not say "it is time that thou shouldst settle, my cousin, and leave this roving life." She let her knitting fall, and fixed her shining dreaming eyes on his face, and her colour came and went.

"Wilt thou lure a merlin with cooked meats?" said le Père Grêtin, chuckling; "nay, I know better."



#### GROWING HYACINTHS IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

WE have questioned several authorities lately as to the future of bulb-growing in the British Isles, and there seems no reason whatever why much of the trade done between this country and Holland should not be kept within our own shores. There is a Hyacinth farm at Terrington St. Clement, Norfolk, where Mr. W. J. Beldersen, at one time in the gardens of Lord Aldenham at Elstree, has established a Hyacinth industry, and the bulbs produced in the light soil are large, solid, and give flowers of exceptional excellence. The soil of the district has been recently, so to speak, reclaimed from the sea; it is sandy, saline, and very rich. Fine Potatoes are produced there; indeed, crops of all kinds appear to grow with ease. Even the grass is so rich that it is said that sheep and cattle fatten on it better than on cake and corn in some places. The subsoil is of very fine sandy particles, slightly mixed with loam, and no stones exist. The Hyacinths are planted much deeper than is generally considered advisable, 5 in. or 6 in. being the depth. When the bulbs are full-grown and needed for propagating they are cut by having the base scooped out with a sharp knife. The mutilated bulbs are then laid to dry in boxes or on shelves where a current of air passes between them.

Some Dutch growers make incisions across the bulbs instead of taking the bottom out. Any cut given to a Hyacinth bulb when at rest will cause a number of bulblets to form, varying in size from a pin's head to a good-sized Bean, according to the number produced, but certain varieties give better results if treated in particular ways. The power of reproduction in a Hyacinth bulb is remarkable. When the single bulb is destroyed by cutting it forms a number of bulblets to replace the old one. The bulbs are then planted and make little if any top growth the first year. They are lifted early in June, and dried when the bulblets separate from the parent, the latter being nothing but a few dried flakes.

These bulblets rarely flower the first year, but the second season flowers are obtained. The bulbs are planted, and a period of three to five years from the time of cutting is necessary before they are fit for the market. The spikes of flowers average 9 in. high.

#### PRUNING THE BROOM.

People often ask how Brooms are to be pruned when the plants get "leggy" in a few years. The answer is that nothing can be done to make dwarf bushy plants from "leggy" ones. The better plan is to start afresh with new stock, as leggy plants, if cut hard back to the old wood, do not break afresh in a satisfactory way. The pruning of Brooms must be continually carried out while the plants are still dwarf, and the cutting away of straggling branches must take place so as to leave vigorous green-barked growth below the cut-away parts. By doing this, shapely bushes may be kept for years.

#### THE DAHLIA.

It is time to think of summer flowers, and of these the Dahlia is one of the most important. Of late years even a society, especially devoted to its interests, has been established, and naturally there are several books that give information concerning culture and other matters of probably more interest to the enthusiast than those who simply wish for a display of flowers from the best varieties. A little book recently published by Macmillan and Company is welcome, as it is written by several men who "know what they are talking about." We take a few extracts from the chapter on "Cultivation," and this will form a useful preface to the list we shall give of proved varieties. By this we mean varieties that throw their flowers well above the leaves, and are, as the gardener says, "decorative." Of late years the Cactus Dahlia has triumphed. Its gorgeous flowers have given to many a garden its chief glory in late summer and early autumn, but many are disappointed with the varieties they purchase through tempting descriptions of colouring but not of growth. A Dahlia must reveal its flower beauty, and, as is so well said by Miss Jekyll, in "Wood and Garden," page 113, "To make a choice for one's own garden, one must see the whole plant growing. As with many another kind of flower, nothing is more misleading than the evidence of the show-table, for many that there look the best, and are indeed lovely in form and colour in individual blooms, come from plants that are of no garden value. For however charming in humanity is the virtue modesty, and however becoming is the unobtrusive bearing that gives evidence of its possession, it is quite misplaced in a Dahlia. Here it becomes a vice, for the Dahlia's first duty in life is to flaunt and to swagger, and to carry gorgeous blooms well above its leaves, and on no account to hang its head. Some of the delicately coloured kinds lately raised not only hang their heads, but also hide them away among masses of their coarse foliage, and are doubly frauds, looking everything that is desirable in the show, and proving worthless in the garden. It is true that there are ways of cutting out superfluous green stuff, and thereby encouraging the blooms to show up, but at a busy season, when rank leafage grows fast, one does not want



to be every other day tinkering at the Dahlias." In the little book referred to, the first item in the "Cultivation" chapter is the situation for the plants. Preference, it is natural, must be given to land having a southern exposure, which, if it slopes naturally in that direction, will be all the better. It is desirable to have shelter from all winds—from the east and north, which so often, even in the month of June, prove a scourge to the plants when young and tender, and from the south and west, which, in gales and storms, are apt to work disaster among them when in flower. As to soil, "A rather heavy clayey loam, thoroughly well manured, is, without doubt, the best of all soils in which to grow the Dahlia to perfection. In such a soil the plants are usually of a dwarf and sturdy habit—ideal plants, in fact, to produce blooms of grand size and desirable substance. In land naturally light and rich there is a tendency to strong, soft, watery growth, which not only gives additional trouble in staking and tying, but is the forerunner of small and inferior flowers. In order to improve such soil the best plan is to spread clay loam over its surface during the early winter months, so that it may get the benefit of frost and exposure previous to being incorporated with the natural surface soil." Then the question of purchasing is considered, and after certain preliminaries, of more interest to the exhibitor than the man who requires a few varieties for the border, is the following paragraph: "Supposing that the order has been placed in the hands of a firm some considerable distance from the buyer's home, there is no safer mode of transit than by Parcel Post. The plants when unpacked, after a journey of possibly hundreds of miles, will in all probability be as fresh-looking as when they were placed in the box by careful hands, and they must then be potted and given bottom-heat." But many will probably have no space or means for giving bottom-heat, and after a brief sojourn in a frame or greenhouse will want to transfer them direct to the places prepared for them. If purchased now it must be stipulated that the plants be strong and fairly well hardened, else bottom-heat and much attention will be needful until the planting-out time arrives, which is early June.

#### DESTROYING APHIDES.

At this season cold winds and sunny intervals between rain and sleet encourage aphides to spread rapidly in garden and under glass. Our Rose shoots will soon be thick with them, and few plants are safe from attack. There are many species of aphides, of which the common green-fly is the best known and most dreaded. Few plants in our gardens entirely escape the attentions of some member of this family. Besides those that attack the leaves and shoots, one or two species feed on the roots of plants. These, like all other root-feeding pests, are difficult to deal with, for their presence at the roots is not known until the victim begins to flag, and then it may be too late to save the plant. There is, however, one sign by which they may be sometimes detected. If ants form their nests at the roots of a plant, one may rest assured that the latter is infested by one of these root-feeding aphides, for the ants are very fond of the sweet secretions of these insects, and find them useful to have them in their nests. When a plant is infected by these insects, the only way is to take it up, cleanse the roots thoroughly, and pour boiling water into the hole formed by its removal, so as to kill any of the insects that may be in the soil. The aphides which, like the green-fly, feed on the shoots or leaves, may be killed with paraffin emulsion, "anti-pest," quassia, and soft

soap wash by spraying or dipping the shoots into one of these mixtures. As soon as an aphid is seen on a plant some means should be at once taken to thoroughly cleanse it. The delay of a few days may render the task far more difficult. When plants grown under glass are attacked, fumigate the house or frame with tobacco, or vapourise tobacco-water in them twice, with an interval of two or three days. When Apple trees are infested with the American blight or woolly aphid, the affected parts should be scrubbed with a stiffish brush dipped in one of the mixtures mentioned, which should be well worked into all the cracks and crevices of the bark. In the winter they should be sprayed with a caustic alkali wash.

#### PLANTING WATER-LILIES.

The time for planting Water-lilies is at hand, and given favourable weather the work may be performed whenever there is an opportunity. The best months for planting *Nymphaeas* are the end of April, May, June, July, and August. They should first be planted in baskets, previously filled with good

loam, taking care to make them firm. The baskets are then lowered into the water in places where the Lilies are desired to grow. The baskets will not decay for several years, and by that time the *Nymphaeas* will have become well established. Some of the stronger-growing sorts, the *marliacea* hybrids, for instance, if not planted fairly deep, say 3ft., will in a year or two push their leaves out of the water, making quite a massive clump, and thereby losing somewhat in beauty. *Nymphaeas* will even succeed when planted 6ft. deep or more. Of course with the less vigorous growing ones shallow planting is quite satisfactory, for the long slender petioles spread out and the leaves float gracefully. A list of some of the best *Nymphaeas* is appended.

#### THE BEST WATER- LILIES.

*White*.—*Alba candidissima*, with large pure white flowers, an early and continuous bloomer; *alba plenissima*, pure white, more double than the former; *caroliniana nivea*, sweet scented; *marliacea albida*, fragrant, pearly white flowers; *odorata*, the North American Water-lily, which produces its cup-shaped flowers very freely; *pygmæa*, the smallest of *Nymphaeas*, fragrant.

*Yellow*.—*Chrysantha*, yellowish red,

with bright orange stamens; *fulva*, light yellow, tinted with red; *flava*, citron-yellow; *marliacea chromatella*, a beautiful straw colour with yellow stamens; *odorata sulphurea* and the variety *grandiflora*, sulphur-yellow, fragrant; *pygmæa helvola*, flowers slightly larger than *pygmæa*, sulphur-yellow; *Seignouretti*, light yellow, tinted with carmine.

*Dark*.—*Atropurpurea*, dark crimson, large flowers; *gloriosa*, rich purple, one of the most beautiful; *Laydekeri fulgens*, rich crimson and orange; *marliacea ignea*, one of the most richly-coloured, crimson; *odorata exquisita*, deep rose-carmine; *William Falconer*, the deepest coloured hardy *Nymphaea* yet raised.

*Pink*.—*Caroliniana*, clear rose-pink; *Laydekeri rosea*, delicate rose-pink; *marliacea carnea*, blush; *marliacea rosea*, bright pink; *odorata rubra*, rose-pink; *odorata suavissima*, a beautiful pink; *tuberosa rosea*, delicate pink.

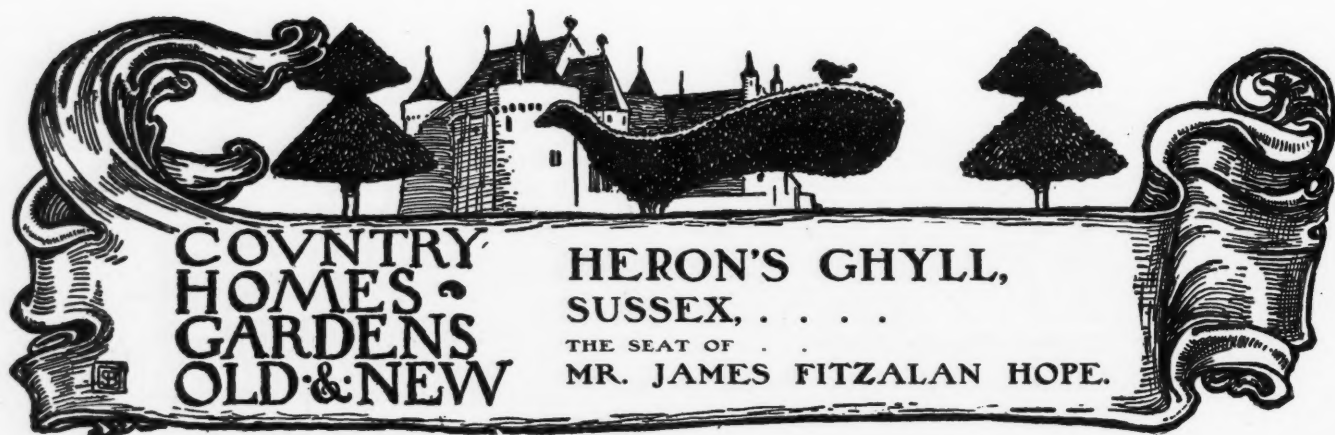
*Other Good Nymphaeas*.—*Ellisiana*, brilliant carmine-purple; *Frcbelli*, bright carmine-red; *odorata luciana*, a deep and rich rose-pink; *robinsoniana*, red toned with yellow.



Miss Alice Hughes.

MME. KOCH AND HER CHILDREN.

52, Gower Street.



**I**N the very heart of the Weald of Sussex—that beautiful and historic district which extends from Pevensey Bay to the hills beyond Petworth, where spread of old the great wood of Anderida—is the home of Mr. James Fitzalan Hope. The delighted traveller who ascends to Crowborough Beacon, some four miles to the north of it, will find the place, as he looks over the shadow-swept Weald, lying almost in a straight line between his point of vantage and a glimpse of the sea discovered between the Downs at Cuckmere Haven. Heron's Ghyll is near Uckfield, but stands in the parish of Buxted, adjacent to a brawling gill, which is a tributary of the Ouse. There were herons here in former days, no doubt, as now they flourish at Parham and in Great Sowdens Wood, near Udimore. The name is also associated with the place through the possessions here of the Herons, Lords Say, descended from Roger Heron, castellan of Bamfborough in the time of Edward II. By the marriage of William Heron, in the reign of Richard II., with the daughter and co-heiress of William Lord Say, the barony came to his family, and with it much of the possessions of the great family of Braose, which had had vast lands in this part of Sussex. William Heron, Lord Say, by his will made in 1404,

charged his trustees, out of the Braose inheritance of his wife, "as they would answer at the day of doom," to complete a hospital at Buxted for certain poor men. As to the "Ghyll" in the name of Mr. Fitzalan Hope's house, it will be recognised as the quaint form of the word used in the North, and also in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, to describe a babbling stream in a hollow or rocky glen, apparently given currency to with this spelling by Wordsworth, as in the "Evening Walk":

"I wandered where the huddling rill  
Brightens with water-breaks the hollow ghyll."

Buxted is an ancient place, with an old and curious church, which has a shingled spire, as if to rise above the tree-tops of the old woodland. The mediæval memorials of the church are of unusual interest, and include the brasses of Sire Johan de Lewes, 1330, said to have been its founder, and of Britellus Avenel, rector of Buxted, 1408. The whole country around is very pretty and attractive, broken and varied in its character, with a great deal of wood and pasture. Much of the old forest, however, disappeared long ago, being cut down for the use of the iron-smelters of the district, which was the centre of the now

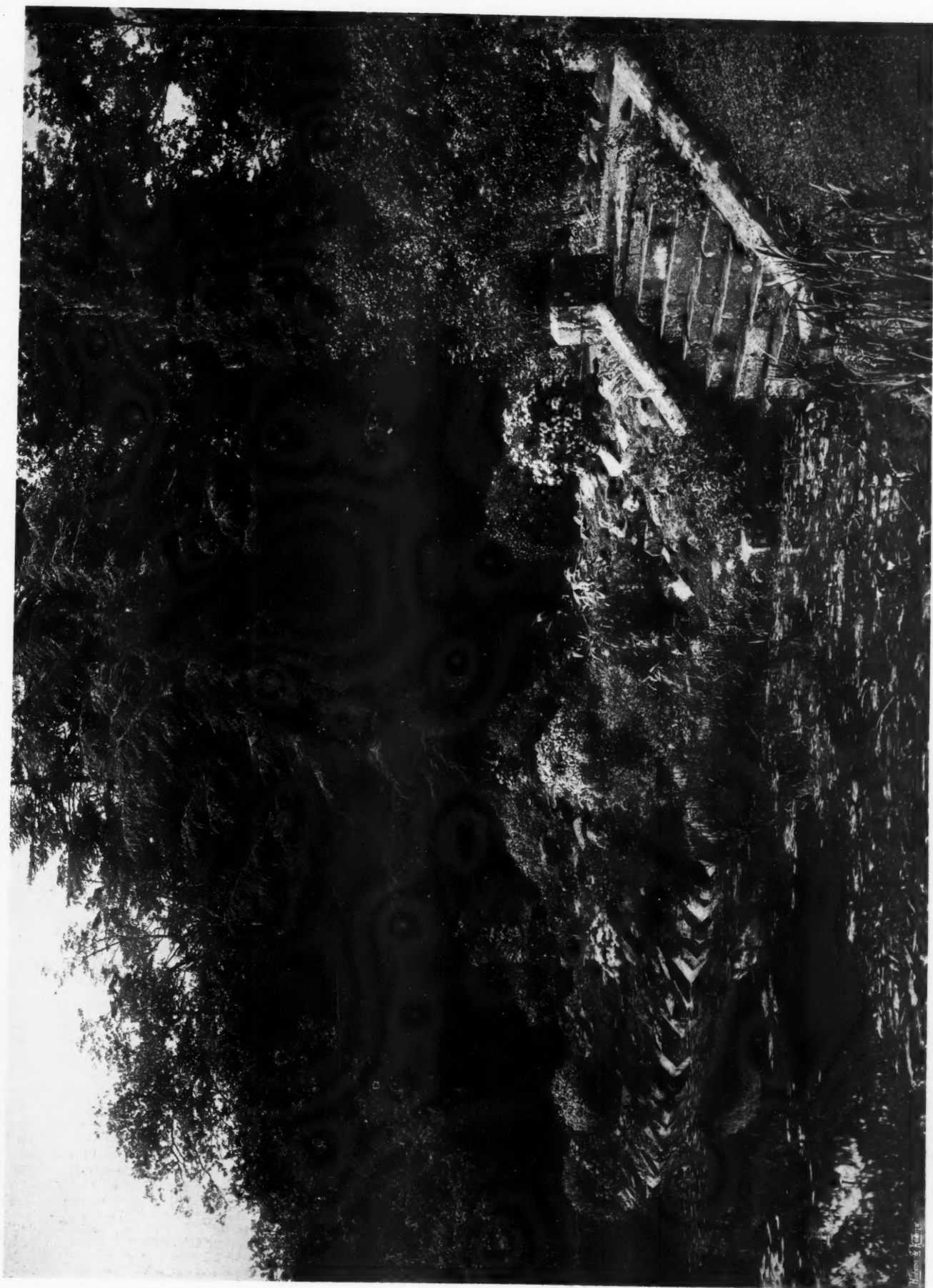


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THE WEST CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





THE WATER STAIRWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

extinct Sussex iron trade. The family of Hogge, great iron-workers in these parts, lived at Hog House, which still stands near Buxted Church, and there may be seen their rebus, a hog, and the date 1581. As the local rhyme has it:

"Rafe Hogge and his man John,  
At Buxted cast the first can-non."

There appears to be warrant for the statement, and old Holinshed, speaking of the year 1543, says, "This year the first cast pieces of iron that were ever made in England were made at Buckersted, in Sussex, by Rafe Hoge and Peter Bawd."

The principal place in this parish is Buxted Park (the Dowager Lady Ashburton), notable for its large well-wooded grounds, but Heron's Ghyll has attractions all its own. A dwelling of modern date, it is cast in the early Tudor mould, with a fine domestic character, foreign to all that is merely cold and stately in its features, and with gardens all appropriate to the time, sweet in its reticence and quietness, fragrant in its floral richness, true in its spirit of enclosure, and having much natural gardening by the margin of the water, such as we depict.

Before alluding more in detail to the house and gardens, let

to have disbursed £40,000 secretly in charities. He married in 1861 Lady Victoria, daughter of the fourteenth Duke of Norfolk, and this lady died in 1870, a few days after the birth of her son, the present owner of Heron's Ghyll. It was a loss from which his father never recovered, and he died in 1873.

Mr. Fitzalan Hope has worked much in the spirit of his father. There is the Catholic Church of St. John the Evangelist, a beautiful edifice in the Early English style, which he built at Heron's Ghyll in 1897, with a burial ground and schools near at hand. This ecclesiastical edifice adds to the interests of the singularly picturesque situation, and the house is in excellent harmony. Indeed, there is everything here to please the most critical in architectural matters, the whole of the buildings, both in character and details, being in most excellent style. There is nothing merely imposing or ambitious in the mansion. It has its quaint leaded panes between excellently moulded mullions and transoms, finely worked walls of stone, good gables and chimneys, all domestic and attractive. Such houses are in many places in England, both old and new. They belong to the regions where stone is accessible, just as the quaint timber structures, sometimes illustrated in these pages, are indigenous



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THE SOUTHERN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

us say something of those to whom it owes its character. Mr. Fitzalan Hope, cousin to the Duke of Norfolk, the great Sussex peer and landowner, is descended from the Earls of Hopetoun, through his grandfather, General Sir Alexander Hope, who was a son of the second peer. Mr. Hope's father was the famous Parliamentary barrister, Mr. James Robert Hope-Scott, who married, as his first wife, the daughter of John Gibson Lockhart, and the grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott. The great Queen's Counsel, who lived a life of exceeding activity, was standing counsel to nearly every railway company in England, and at one time had charge of twenty-five Bills in Parliament for a single company. His gigantic practice did not absorb his energy, for he built a great house in Inverness-shire, and added a new wing to Abbotsford. The college friend of men like W. E. Gladstone, Roundell Palmer, Earl of Selborne, and the future Cardinal Newman, he threw himself heart and soul into the Tractarian Movement, and was received into the Roman Catholic Church with Manning in 1851, his wife's conversion following almost immediately. In the plenitude of his success this lady died, and the Scott inheritance went with their daughter Monica to the family of Lord Herries. From this time onward Mr. Hope-Scott devoted large sums to religious purposes, and is said

where wood is plentiful and stone unsuitable or not easily found.

As to the gardens at Heron's Ghyll, which have been referred to, they speak much for themselves as they are disclosed in our pictures. The garden designer looked well to the character of the house his pleasure should adorn, and laid out a court of good green turf as a foreground to the structure—angular, but not formal, with well-cut hedges, in the squared manner so common in the best English gardening, for enclosure. Within this bordering there are pathways and beds, the latter not crowded, but each special and individual in features. Without, there is gardening also—strips of turf, walks, standard roses, and a multitude of flowers in the borders. Such a garden is an appropriate setting for so handsome and modest a house, to whose walls ivy fondly clings. We are here tempted to remark that, excellent as is this strong climber, its rampant growth must be controlled, lest it should mount the walls, thrust itself between the stones, and conceal the details of architectural design. We should say that the wall-clinging verdure has gone as far as should be allowed at Heron's Ghyll.

Outside the pleasure we have spoken of are green expanses and most handsome groups and thickets of deciduous and





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THE STONE SEAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

coniferous trees to complete the garden picture. There is also the natural water gardening, which adds immensely to the attraction of the place by its freshness and variety. It is, indeed, supremely delightful to traverse the paths which lead to such a lovely spot as that we depict at the water-stairway. Here the ornamental trees and bushes are of the greatest beauty and variety, while on the banks are lovely colonies of rock plants, and in the water-fringe irises and many other moisture-loving plants. Water-lilies are in profusion, and the whole world of the water and rock garden seems to have been sought for its treasures. Rootage is found in the crannies of the rough stonework for these beautiful things, and the stairway itself is floral. There is suggestion here for those who have like places to adorn. Exhaustless, in fact, are the opportunities of the water and rock gardener, and each season may bring him new delights, and tempt him onward to greater successes.

Finally, we may say of this attractive house of Heron's

Ghyll, in the Weald of Sussex, where the ring of the old iron-worker's hammer has given place to the quietude of the wood and the field, that it presents a notable example of dwelling-place and garden, with essential union, and yet picturesque variety. It lies in a country that is in many ways favoured, and the site is well chosen. Drayton had much to say against those who cut down the Sussex timber for their smelting.

"These forests, as I say, the daughters of the Weald  
(That in their heavy breasts had long their griefs concealed),  
Foreseeing their decay each hour so fast come on,  
Under the axe's stroke, fetched many a grievous groan;  
When as the anvil's weight, and hammer's dreadful sound,  
Even rent the hollow woods and shook the squeaky ground."

The wood nymphs of this Sussex retreat had, "run madding to the downs," but now, assuredly, they have returned to their old haunts, and great are the sylvan beauties in the vicinage of Heron's Ghyll.

## SHEEP IN NEW ZEALAND.

SCATTERED about in various parts of England and Scotland are to be found well-to-do farmers who began their farming life in New Zealand, men who have apparently done well in the Antipodes, but who preferred, with the capital they had at command after some years' experience, to come and farm in the Old Country

water and the ease with which sown grasses can be grown. The pastures of New Zealand are mainly sown with European grasses, in fact, according to Government returns of the land in cultivation, 88 per cent. is under artificial grasses, 5 per cent. under grain crops, and 6 per cent. under root and green crops.

English grasses really thrive in New Zealand under conditions they would not at home; for when the natural bush or fern or timber land is burnt off they can be sown without previous ploughing, and do well, only requiring to be renewed at intervals of four to eight years, according to the nature of the land. Grass mixtures, in fact, do so well that white clover itself will often overcome the fern, while rye-grass and cocksfoot flourish and yield seed for an export trade. In the mixtures, red clover, white clover, and alsike clover, along with cocksfoot, timothy, and perennial rye-grass, are sown, the latter in quantity being equal to about 30lb. per acre in a 44lb. mixture.

The extent of the acreage under sown grasses—about eleven times as great in New Zealand as in the whole of Australia and Tasmania—is one of the prime factors in sheep-farming in New Zealand, and differentiates it from sheep-farming in the Commonwealth, it being estimated that though the area is comparatively

small, there is nine times the amount of feed in New Zealand than there is in Australia. Another factor is the size of the flocks. In the Southern Hemisphere, New Zealand takes the second place in order for number of sheep, New South Wales



W. Reid.

MERINOS.

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instead of continuing their calling in the New Britain under the Southern Cross. The very fact that such men are successfully farming at home indicates that conditions must be very similar in New Zealand to those that prevail at home. This point should not be lost sight of, for generally we are apt to regard New Zealand as a part of Australasia, and to consider its climate and conditions similar to those of the island continent; but by doing so we fall into a rather serious error. The New Zealand islands are about 1,300 miles away from Australia, and they project further into the temperate zone than any other land in the Southern Hemisphere. The colony is also almost exactly on the opposite side of the earth to Great Britain, noon in England corresponding to midnight in New Zealand, and summer in the Old Country to winter out there. The South, or Middle, Island of New Zealand in climate approximates very closely to that of England, while the North Island has, on the whole, a warmer climate than any part of England.

New Zealand is firstly a pastoral and secondly an agricultural country, and, unlike most new countries, has a reputation not only for wool, but also for carefully-fed mutton, due mainly to the abundance of



W. Reid.

NEWLY-SHORN NEW ZEALAND MERINOS.

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being first, with practically double the number of sheep that is held in the former colony. The proportion of small flocks is, however, very considerable in New Zealand, and points to small holdings, about 63 per cent. of the total number of flocks being under 500, 16 per cent. under 1,000, and 15 per cent. under 2,000 head of sheep. In New South Wales, flocks of about 1,000 equal 9 per cent., up to 2,000 8 per cent., and up to 5,000 about 12 per cent. of the total stock. The large proportion of small flocks in New Zealand have allowed of better arrangements being made for fattening for the market, and in this colony turnips, mangolds, and rape are grown to bring forward the lambs for freezing. The rural economy of New Zealand in this respect differs a good deal from that of New South Wales, for in the former country about 530,000 acres are under turnips, rape, and mangolds, while in the latter the total acreage under these crops is below 3,000 acres.

Considering the factors that have been named, it is obvious that sheep-farming in New Zealand is very much akin to the same industry at home, due mainly to



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NEW ZEALAND LINCOLNS.

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opened up for sheep-farming. It is in the Middle Island, however, that the best sheep in the country are to be found, and where

the industry has long been established. Taking the provincial districts that carry most sheep, Canterbury comes first, Wellington next, and Otago third. The district in New Zealand that has a reputation for the splendid quality of its sheep is admittedly Canterbury, in the Middle Island, and the prime meat exported from the colony, commanding the highest price in London, is supplied by this district and that of Marlborough. On the higher lands of these districts the merino predominates, but on the richer lower-lying lands the prevailing types are crosses between the merino and either Leicester, Lincoln, or Romney Marsh breeds.

As a rule, the merino occupies the wild lands and the drier portions of the colony, but it is the merino ewe that furnishes the foundation for all the cross-bred varieties that exist. On the rich moist soils the Lincoln and Romney Marsh breeds flourish, and on the drier lands the Leicesters and Downs sheep. The cross-bred sheep



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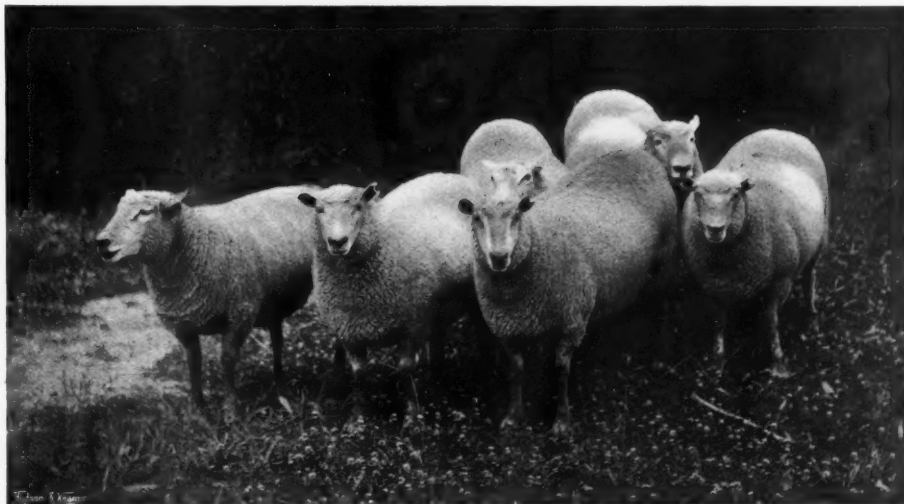
SHEPHERDING.

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the advent of the freezing chamber, which made fat sheep and lambs a marketable commodity, where before wool and tallow were the only marketable products. All who engage in the production of sheep and lambs for freezing must necessarily grow root and forage crops, as the product is to be placed in England, and the style of farming thus called into existence cannot but be an improvement when compared with the systems of universal corn-growing or carrying large flocks on large areas for wool alone.

The stock of sheep in New Zealand is now about evenly distributed between the North and the Middle, or South, Island, but the flocks in the North Island within sixteen years have increased 93 per cent., while in the Middle Island during the same period the gain has only been 2 per cent. The North Island seems to be well adapted for carrying flocks of longwool and cross-bred sheep (some of the land carrying two sheep to the acre, and portions as many as three or four), and it is being rapidly

found most suitable for the frozen meat trade and known as "Freezers" are bred either from merino ewes and



W. Reid.

NEW ZEALAND "FREEZERS."

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longwool rams, or from cross-bred ewes and Down rams. The class of sheep wanted in New Zealand is one that will combine the best fleece and the most suitable carcase for freezing with early maturity. It has, however, yet to be evolved. Generally, with a view to producing the desired early maturity, English Leicesters are used in the Middle Island, where "prime Canterbury" mutton is produced, and in other districts the Shropshire and Hampshire Downs. Another factor in New Zealand sheep-farming may here be noted, *i.e.*, that the reason why the raising of lambs for the frozen meat trade has become one of the mainstays of the New Zealand farmer is that the returns are ready cash, a very important consideration indeed in Colonial farming. The productiveness of the flocks is another important factor, and that such is the case is evident from the fact that, though the export of frozen mutton equals 3,250,000 of sheep and lambs annually, the stock of sheep has not only been well maintained for a number of years, but has even been increased. Excellent lambings of all breeds, especially of the Leicesters and Lincolns, account for what is practically a high percentage of increase.

The wool-clip in New Zealand has naturally increased with the increase in the number of sheep, and when we compare the official figures of 1901 with those of 1890, we find that the export of wool has risen 43 per cent., nearly 148,000,000lb. being now produced. The Leicesters and Lincolns yield the best average clips, from 10lb. to 11lb., and the merino the lowest, from 4lb. to 7lb.

Sheep bring money into New Zealand. They support the frozen meat trade, and in part the trade in preserved meats; also the trade in wool, tallow, sheepskins, and pelts; and, combined, the export trade alone in the above products is valued at over six millions sterling. The secret is, that mutton can be produced at a low rate, for, as a rule, the cost of providing English grass and special feed, shearing, scouring, and attendant expenses—also dipping, shepherding, management, etc.—does not exceed 4s. 6d. per head. It pays the grower to produce choice mutton if he gets 2d. a pound for the carcase at the nearest shipping port, and this mutton can be bought by the London butcher at the docks for 3½d. per pound.



W. Reid. THE KEA PARROT.

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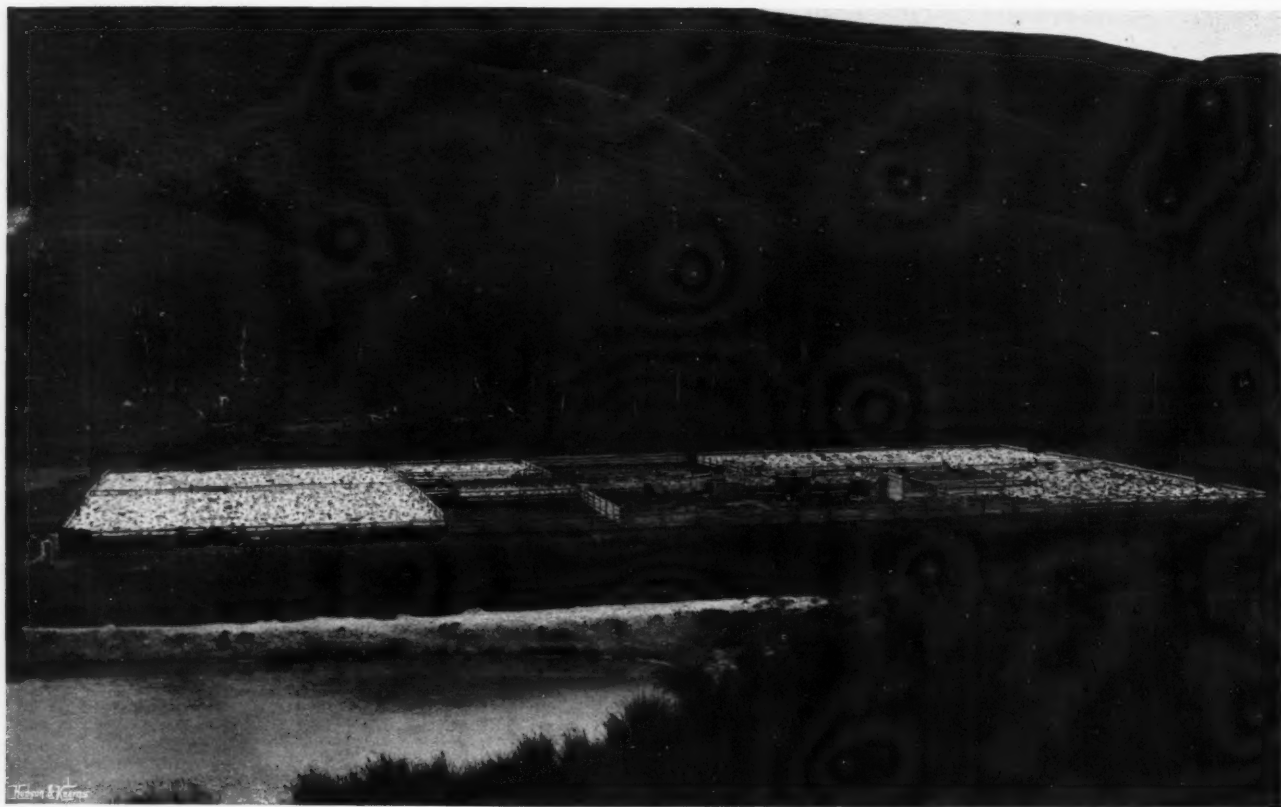
Farming sheep land in New Zealand has, of course, its disadvantages, as in other countries. Though not so subject to drought as New South Wales, at times feed is short. Sheep also get scab, fluke, and foot-rot, as in the Old Country, while sheep-farming in New Zealand is responsible for turning an honest parrot into a bird of raptorial habits. The Kea parrot is a semi-nocturnal bird that lived on grubs and insects, but under the changed conditions of the country, arising through sheep-farming, it has now developed a habit of attacking living sheep for the purpose of tearing and devouring the kidney fat, so much so that it is regarded as "vermin" which has to be suppressed.

R. HEDGER WALLACE.

## THE KEEPER.

A GREAT burly giant with a rugged, honest face, tanned and reddened by constant exposure to the "all weathers" of some fifty years, was old Jasper. He always fascinated me as a child: the stained velvet coat, corduroy breeches, and stout leathern gaiters, the soft moleskin waistcoat (proud trophy of victory over hundreds of "they thurs"), the dandyish touch given by the bright red scarf, and then those huge hob-nailed boots! A real good sort was the stalwart

gamekeeper, if of a rough exterior. Close and long association with the intimate things of Nature, stores of curious, out-of-the-way knowledge, wonderful faculties of observation—these qualities combined to make Jasper a most interesting and delightful companion. There were always incidents and curiosities of Nature to be revealed in wandering about the woodlands with him. Gun in hand, the magnificent physique of the man made him look an awe-inspiring figure to poacher or marauder. Jasper would show you, pulling away the leaves that covered it, the motley brown eggs of the pheasant in the almost invisible nest. He never failed to know the exact spot in the soft mossy bank where an early robin had carefully hidden her shell-pink speckled eggs. Rare bird or beast could not move in Jasper's woodland kingdom without his knowledge. His ingenious "traps" were full of interest; he waged a life-long, ever-vigilant war against "varmin" of all sorts. A rustle in the bushes, and the stout "bull-pinger" of an ash stick would crack, quick as thought, on the back of a snake. We called Jasper's trees with the boards nailed across "Rotten Row"; seldom was it without its gruesome victims, from the marauding cat to the poor little mole. Nailed up as a warning to all evildoers were these foes



W. Reid. YARDS OF OVER FOUR THOUSAND SHEEP AT TUPURUPURU, NEW ZEALAND.

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of old Jasper—tributes to his gun or clever traps—stoats, weasels, squirrels, jays, magpies, hawks, even owls. We lamented the noble hawks, and put in a plea for owls. Keepers are ever bigoted on this point, but it is a crying shame that rare and beautiful birds like these should be persecuted, considering how little harm they do in egg-robbing. The squirrel's beauty does not touch Jasper's heart either. "They squir'ls do ztrip the vir drees, for zure," he says, if you intercede meekly. Jasper's dialect is like himself, the real thing, unvenneered; his "v's" and "f's" are a little puzzling to the stranger. "T' quistie (wood-pigeon) have a nest in t' vark of t' vir," he would say. He will show you the fox's earth, and from his manner you may guess at the secret resentment, not to say antipathy he bears; but he dare not chafe against strict orders on the subject of fox preservation. If you win Jasper's favour he will take you, some May night, to the spot, and from the fastness of a neighbouring tree you may watch one of the most beautiful sights of the woods—cubs at play. Badgers are too rare now to trouble Jasper; but he can show you some splendid grey skins in his cottage, of "brocks" killed ten years ago. And he can remember when they were numerous enough, and the polecat not unheard of. It is a hard life, entailing constant vigilance, but a good life too, lived in the open air, in close intimacy with bird and beast; and the keeper's healthy, red face with the ginger whiskers is splendid testimony to it! A "round" with Jasper is refreshing to a townsman's mind and body alike; in

spite of his few words he will impress you with a sense of the freedom, the inexplicable rest and peace of his wholesome life. His experiences are most curious and interesting. You feel he has seen a side of existence with which the outside world are at too little acquainted. Something of the endless fascination of the woods and their teeming life (which you see more and more of as you learn where and how to seek for it) will come to you, and it will grow.

Health and fresh interests, new vigour of mind and body, must follow if we give our leisure to studying Nature at home. I would strongly advocate the cultivation of such interests to jaded townspeople, whose intelligence grows weary of the oppressiveness of hot, dusty streets and town amusements. Especially with the rise of the sap in spring do our thoughts turn instinctively with longing to the countryside. Field clubs are doing a good work, and I would urge all who can to take their holidays amidst the woods or moors, in quiet, remote places (they need not find them dull) where such soul-refreshing people as simple, upright Jasper the Keeper are still to be found. They will find themselves far more benefited, physically and mentally, than by a sojourn in a crowded seaside town or cheap foreign watering-place. They will return, on whom the woods and fields once lay their potent spell; and good must result from a more wide-spread participation in pure, health-giving, open-air pursuits.

N. M. P.

## CONCERNING OLD SILVER.

THE ever-increasing prices paid of late for antique silver has frequently been commented on by the Press. This extraordinary appreciation has brought to light the fact that a scarcely suspected wealth of interesting silver remains still in the possession of the British nobility and gentry. Even civil wars, so destructive to plate chests, which were freely put at the disposal of the favoured faction or confiscated by the opposing one, supported by the two equally destructive allies, religious reform and changing fashions, have been powerless to effect such complete annihilation of works in the precious metals as that suffered in France. Plate, unlike other objects of art, was never, and is not now, merely regarded for its art workmanship, but as an actual household necessity. Hence it is usually stored away in strong rooms and chests, and only so much as may actually be required for use sees the light. The rest, obsolete and forgotten, is rarely seen by its owners, and has perhaps never been examined by an expert or connoisseur. Even very modest households are frequently found to possess a highly-treasured piece or two of ancestral plate, and it is from such sources that the supply of unsuspected treasures which realise such surprising sums reach the hands of auctioneers and dealers. Perhaps, if strictly judged, either from the standpoint of beauty, workmanship, intrinsic value, or even relative rarity, the prices paid would hardly seem justified. Yet history is only repeating itself. A similar taste for antique silver prevailed in Rome nearly 2,000 years ago, when Pliny the elder lamented that "nowadays we only value



SILVER PLATE AND JUG.

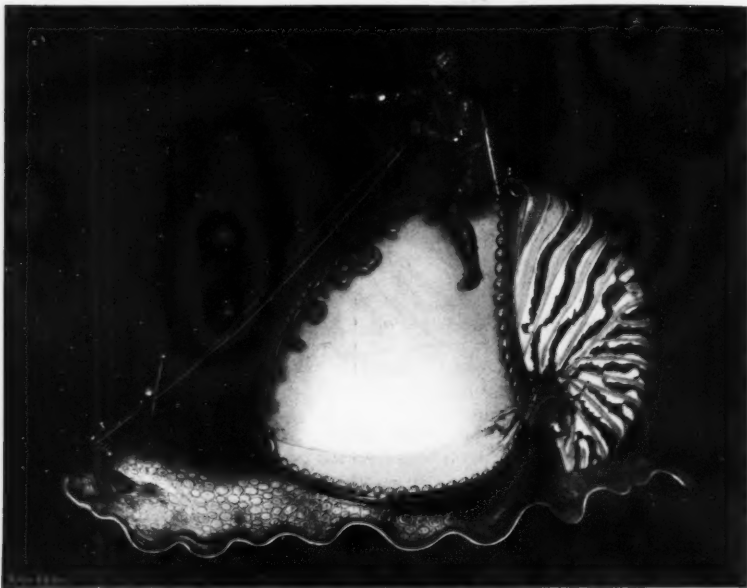
wrought silver for its age, and reckon its merit established when the chasing is so worn that the very design can no longer be made out." It was no doubt silver of the fine period of Greek art, the age of Pericles, that was so eagerly sought out, and specimens that had been possessed by celebrities bore a greatly enhanced value. The names of famous chasers, and the traditions of their principal works, were well known, and forgeries must have been as rife as at the present day. The descriptions of the repoussé work of famous Greek artists would almost apply to the most treasured repoussé pieces of the Renaissance, and, in spite of Pliny, it appears evident that these were appreciated as much for the beauty of the work as for their antiquity. Groups of Centaurs and Bacchantes, Cupids and Silenoi, hunting scenes, battles and warriors, Mythology and Allegory, triumphs of gods and heroes, were embossed and chased in high relief. For such, enormous prices were paid, as about £10,500 of our money for a pair of cups by Zopyros, representing the Areiopagos and trial of Orestes, while the small cup by Pytheas sold for £175 per oz., prices hardly paralleled until the present day. Plutarch records that, "after the bowls, horns, goblets, and cups of silver, valuable, not only from their size, but the depth of the basso-relievo," the spoils of Macedonia, had been carried in triumph, those by the famed artist, Shericles, with the gold plate used at Perseus's table, were displayed separately and on a different day.

The temporarily lost art of embossing revived again, for Zenodorus became very famous under Nero, when many of the magnificent pieces found at Bernay and Hildesheim



A PAIR OF PILGRIM FLASKS

were probably produced. The discovery of such pieces as these, and even finer, must have profoundly, if indirectly, influenced the development of Renaissance silver working, which, as evidenced by the retention of such names as chalice and ciborium, had already been bound up traditionally with the arts of Greece. It is to be hoped that the forthcoming exhibition of Greek art at the Burlington Fine Arts Club may bring some masterpieces to light. In the meantime we illustrate some charming pieces of the Renaissance, which reached this country in the summer, and were by the kindness of their owner, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, exhibited for a few weeks at St. James's Court, Buckingham Gate. The figure of Diana seated on a stag is one of the most charming of these, probably the work of a celebrated smith, Matthew Wallbaum of Augsburg. It is of the sixteenth century, and, filled with wine, was propelled over the festal table by a clockwork movement concealed in the base. The guest towards whom its course was directed had to quaff the contents, and that the sport thus afforded was highly relished is apparent from the replicas made, of which seven or eight are still in existence. The graceful pose and refined expression are a little



A NAUTILUS SHELL.

foreign to the German art of the period, and may, in fact, have been suggested by the similarly beautiful equestrian statuette in the Louvre, of embossed silver, which has been attributed to Germain Pilou. Probably, such costly toys were not confined to Germany, though they are now scarcely to be found elsewhere. The Mercers' Company still possess a car of sixteenth century date bearing a barrel of wine and some female figures, which also travels by clockwork.

The quaintly-mounted nautilus shell, with the aperture downwards, carried on the back of a silver-gilt snail, is a very happy conceit, and probably unique, and is bestridden by a Nubian boy, harmoniously enamelled in dull red, green, and black. It will be remembered that the famous tomb of Saint Sebaldus, by Peter Vischer, is supported by snails of similar modelling, while the nautilus, ever a favourite with the Renaissance goldsmith, was at times most sumptuously mounted.

The singular shape of cup illustrated, supported by a grotesque dwarf, is an example of a type now rare in Germany, but evidently popular in England. Examples have been in the possession of more than one Corporation since early in the seventeenth century, and are represented in English paintings of groups of objects in silver, such as the one at Chatsworth.

Horns have formed drinking vessels from the earliest ages. The ancient Greek Rhyton is a cup

directly developed from a more primitive one of horn, and Cæsar found the Germans using as drinking cups the horns of the European bison mounted in silver. It is curious that though the Celtic people made use of them as wind instruments, and afterwards for snuff and for powder, they do not appear ever to have habitually drank from them. The French, when first they met the Duke of Normandy with his

English retinue, were surprised at their sumptuous dresses and the beauty of their gold and silver work, especially the horns mounted in gold at both extremities. Harold, in the feasting scene of the Bayeux tapestry, is quaffing, like some of his courtiers, from gold or silver mounted horns.

Many specimens are connected with fairy legends, and estates have been held on coruage from very remote times, like the Pusey horn given by Canute. A beautiful fifteenth century specimen is illustrated, with architecturally-designed mountings in silver-gilt, so characteristic of the period.

Of English silver-work, space only permits us to give two examples. One is a pair of pilgrim or hunting flasks belonging to the Duke of Portland, bearing the arms of Harley, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, and made in 1692. The shape is no doubt derived from the leather or tin travelling flask of mediæval times, and has been reproduced in every conceivable material, in every age.

The most sumptuous example of this form of bottle is that in solid gold, richly worked with translucent enamels, in the Pitti Palace, and attributed to Cellini. Silver examples seem to have been made in England even from the beginning of the sixteenth century.

The covered jar, a superb object in itself, of burnished and frosted silver, recalls the days of Charles II., when the luxurious fashions of Louis XIV. began, thanks, perhaps, mainly to Louise de la Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, to prevail at Court. Toilet-tables and services, mirrors, guéridons, lustres, almost everything previously made of wood, were now made of silver, to the often expressed indignation of sober-minded men like Evelyn. These particular jars were based, as to form, on the Oriental pottery then being freely imported into Holland, and were doubtless first introduced into England by Peter Roestraten, the son-in-law of Franz Hals, who settled in England in the earlier days of Charles. The specimen illustrated belongs to the Duke of Portland, and others, better known, are at Knole.

A folio illustrated catalogue of the silver exhibited at St. James's Court, by J. Starkie Gardner, is in the press, and to be published by



A CURIOUS CUP.



A DIANA IN SILVER.



Messrs. Batsford, 94, High Holborn, in aid of the funds of the Great Ormond Street Hospital. Like the catalogue of silver issued by the Burlington Fine Arts Club, the illustrations comprise 120 plates. It is, in fact, the companion volume to this now almost unattainable work, but illustrating more particularly the *chefs d'œuvres* preserved in the plate chests of the landed aristocracy, and carrying the history of the craft down to the eighteenth century. The chief collections described are those of the Dukes of Devonshire, Portland, Rutland, and Newcastle, the Marquess of Winchester, Earls Cowper, Ancaster, Wilton, and Brownlow, and the collection of German Renaissance silver recently acquired by Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

## NATURE- . . . STUDY.

IT is now about three years since the Board of Education, in response to the demand for "rural teaching in rural schools," issued a circular to school managers pointing out that it was highly desirable that the ordinary rural school curriculum should be such as to give children an intelligent knowledge of the surroundings of everyday rural life, and show them how to observe the processes of Nature for themselves. Our educational authorities in this circular also indicated that they were of the opinion that during their school life the natural activities of children should be turned to useful account; that their eyes, for example, should be trained to recognise plants and insects that are useful or injurious, as the case may be, to the agriculturist; and that their hands should be trained to some of the practical dexterities of rural life. This direction Nature-wards of the general teaching in rural schools is usually termed Nature-study, so also, unfortunately, is the teaching of elementary natural science in most schools, and frequently even any form of school work which is done from Nature, or with natural objects.

The Nature-study movement, as now recognised, began really in the United States in 1894, under the leadership of Professor Bailey of Cornell University, who, after studying the efforts which had been made from time to time to introduce instruction in agriculture into the schools in the rural districts, came to the conclusion that the most practical step toward the introduction of such instruction as would directly bear on country life and agriculture, was to secure some definite training of the pupil's powers of observation by enlisting first the children's natural sympathies and activities in respect to living Nature, and then by cultivating their observing faculties through exercises based on natural objects. Nature-study may therefore be taken, as it has been, by one or two English authorities, to include Nature-knowledge and Nature-lore, using the latter expression to indicate "the lore of the farmer, gardener, sportsman, fancier, and field naturalist," and which in turn is mainly due to the vividness of outlook of earlier and simpler times in respect to Nature's ways and moods.

Though the Nature-study movement may primarily be



A COVERED JAR.

regarded as an educational one, yet it also appeals to and attracts the sympathies of the amateur zoologist, as being a return to the methods of Gilbert White, a rejuvenescence of the older methods of studying natural history. There can be little doubt that of late years the professional zoologist and botanist has neglected the methods which appeal to the field naturalist; who in turn does not appreciate the results which the professorial worker has elaborated in the privacy of his laboratory, surrounded by his complicated appliances for cutting sections, and his multitudinous reagent bottles. Field naturalists as a body represent those who without wishing to know all that is knowable about a thing, still like to know something about many things; while their point of view is expressed to some extent by the *œcology* of the zoologists and the *ecology* of the botanists. In a sense Nature-study may therefore be regarded as the study of natural history, yet it is much more restricted in its scope, for the latter term not only stands for zoology, biology, and natural science, but seems to include everything from mineralogy to anthropology. Nature-study, on the other hand, is not a science; it does not occupy itself with the analysis and classification of facts, nor does it find it necessary to analyse structures, separate fibres, or count feathers.

Although Nature-study, as such, should not closely follow scientific methods, yet they should not be ignored, for under modern conditions of life there is no room for the careless or inexact treatment of even the simplest observations. From the earliest times, for instance, we have been accustomed to regard some of the lower animals as models of industry, and others as examples of utter sloth and idleness. Unfortunately for the truth of many of our familiar sayings, man has very often in the past read into his observations of animal activity a good deal of his own passing reflections, as exact scientific investigations show, to take a single illustration, that the busy bee is far from improving each shining hour. In Nature-study, the fact should be ever borne in mind by its advocates that Nature is simply Nature. It is neither classic nor romantic, nor is it, as some would have us think, a sympathetic friend of mankind endowed with semi-human emotions. Trees, for instance, do not "weep," being, in fact, quite incapable of doing so, while so far as any sympathy with humanity is concerned the last human being "might vanish from the face of the earth, and not a needle of the pine branches would tremble."

True Nature-study encourages observations on the habits and life of living things, and has no need for elaborate dissections of dead bodies. If we are to receive correct impressions, however, the inspection must be careful and attentive, frequent and repeated, for occasional, hasty, and indiscriminate glances do more harm than good. We must further bear in mind, as Dr. Dallinger recently pointed out, that Nature is not immoral, but unmoral, and that she does not teach morality because it is no part of her work. Again, as the impression formed by an animal of its world must be very different from our impression of its world, any method of Nature-study would be objectionable that induced us to draw the conclusion that an animal's conception of surrounding objects is identical with our own, an assumption which is quite untenable. Looked at from the educational standpoint, Nature-study is not the study of any science, as of botany, entomology, and the like, nor primarily does it attempt to popularise knowledge. It is wholly informal and unsystematic, and entirely divorced from definitions or from explanations in books, being more of a spirit and an influence than a concrete school subject. Pedagogically it is of value because it trains the eye and the ear to see and hear the common things of life. If, however, Nature-study is to have any effect on country life, it is obvious that it must be carried on entirely outside the schoolroom. Under present conditions, during the nine most impressionable years of their life, country children have to subordinate for thirty hours a week their personal observations to the knowledge of others, so much so, that the sum total of their life appears to consist of books and paper, pens and ink. They can, in a schoolroom, it must be acknowledged, be induced to make excellent observations on animals and plants under control, but what is wanted is to accustom them to observe in the fields and woods under the conditions we term "wild." Emerson, in our opinion, pointed out one of the defects in rural school teaching when he wrote that "the best part of a boy's schooling is that which he gets on his way to and from school"; that is, by his own Nature-study. R. HEDGER WALLACE.



A 15th CENTURY DRINKING HORN.

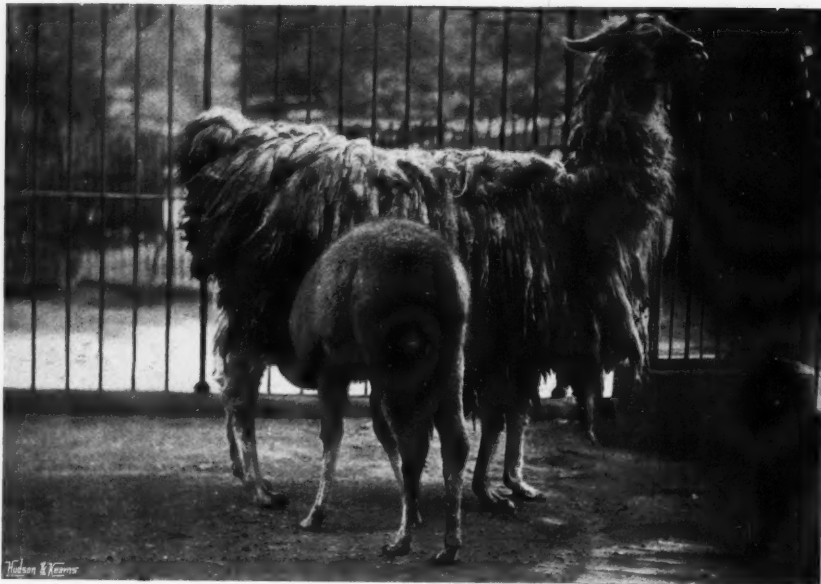
## LONDON'S YOUNG CAMEL.

**I**T is many years since the camel was bred at the London Zoo. This is not so much owing to the unsuitability of our climate as to physiological reasons, for, until recently, the Society has not been equipped with a pair of these useful animals, although it has owned individual specimens for upwards of fifty years. Camels consist of two species, the lighter, single-humped Arabian, and the much heavier Bactrian, the latter generally possessing two humps, although occasionally a variety with but one may be seen. The former kind, as a wild animal, is said to be extinct; but in various sterile parts of Central Asia, especially in the arid region known as the "roof of the world" and in the Desert of Gobi, the Bactrian variety is still hunted for its flesh and skin. Several herds of semi-wild camels, notably those found in some sandy districts of Western Spain and in the rocky fastnesses of California, wander at will, the latter having been set loose, after unsuccessful attempts to breed them, by the United States Government.

Where the camel originated seems open to question. Some favour the Asian plateau around Lob Nor, whilst others declare that North America was its original home, maintaining that two migrations took place, one westward into Asia across the Behring Strait, producing the true camel, and the other southward, resulting in the llama of Peru and Bolivia. Geological discoveries seem to favour both theories, as camel-like fossilised remains have been found in the Pliocene formations of both India and the United States.

Although the camel has a cloven hoof and chews the cud, it differs from other ruminants, such as the cow, sheep, and deer, in possessing cutting teeth in the front of the upper jaw. Its divided lip, flat nostrils, and hair-protected eyes and ears are well-known features, admirably fitting it for its mode of life.

Long since man discovered that its power of enduring the greatest privations of hunger and thirst admirably adapted it to be a beast of burden in those parts of the world where water is scarce and large deserts prevail. Its temper is not always of the sweetest, but if well treated it becomes



J. S. Bond.

ALPACA AND YOUNG.

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thoroughly domesticated, and shows a great deal of affection for its driver. The big shaggy head is that of the very fine male Bactrian in the Camel House. He lies most of the day ceaselessly chewing the cud; not at all troubling himself about his hopeful offspring in the adjoining paddock. The foal or calf, a merry little chap, already a great favourite with the children, was born on All Fools' Day, and takes his show life very easily. His unkempt mother guards him with watchful care, and should he roam too far away quickly recalls him with meaning, yet most unmusical, grunts. Unlike llamas, true camels when first born are said to be very helpless creatures, a statement which our young friend does his utmost to disprove. He is an accomplished high kicker with both pairs of feet, and even whilst springing into the air he can lash out viciously enough to make his keeper use a vigilant eye. He takes nothing as yet but milk, the dam evidently having a plentiful supply; and his appearance at present certainly does her more credit than her first calf of a year ago.



Bond.

BACTRIAN CAMEL'S HEAD (MALE).

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J. S. Bond.

BACTRIAN CAMEL &amp; YOUNG IN NEW YORK ZOO.

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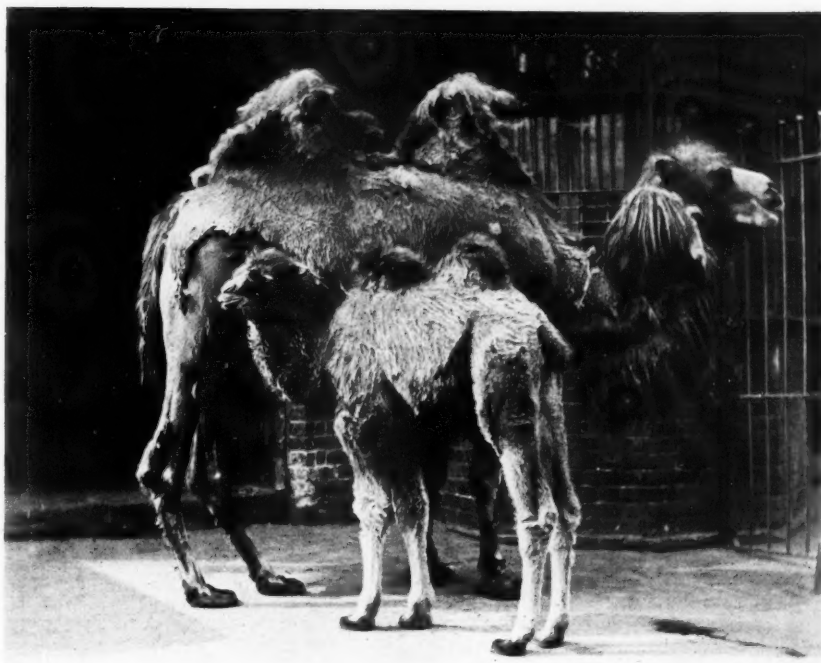
The accompanying photograph taken recently at the New York Zoo, emphasises the fact that there is much variety in colour among the Bactrian camels, for whereas the Regent's Park animals are of a rich dark brown, those from the States were of a beautiful pure cream.

Few people, we may here remark, connect alpaca cloth with the camel, and yet it is made from the soft hairy wool of a variety of the American camel or llama. The manufacture was first introduced by the Earl of Derby in 1836. Sixteen years later an extensive factory, with a model village for the workpeople, was built by Sir Titus Salt to carry on the making of the fabric. Thus the thriving town of Saltaire in Yorkshire owes its existence to animals which, when Pizarro discovered Peru in 1530, were considered the sole property of the princely race of Incas. In working the rich silver mines of Potosi, the Spanish



conquerors, at the height of their power, made such extensive use of llamas as beasts of burden that, Prescott tells us, they employed 300,000 in fetching and carrying to and from the mining camps of the Andes. The domestication of this animal must have taken place in very ancient times, as even in the earliest records of that old Peruvian civilisation, long anterior to the coming of the Spaniards, the llama was the servant of the royal Incas.

Our own Zoo authorities may congratulate themselves on having bred several healthy llamas, and certainly the one here shown looks a fine sturdy fellow. The fact that the young are produced in the spring of the year, before the long winter coat has dropped, is sufficient excuse for the untidy appearance of the London mother in each case, as the accommodation is superior in our own Gardens to that of the New York Central Park.



J. S. Bond.

BACTRIAN CAMEL.

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## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### MAY'S ARRIVAL.

IN spite of the severe setback of frost and snow in April, May has found the wild life of the country-side more advanced than usual to greet her. True, our browned coastwise hedges will never, during this summer, recover the tender green of which the north wind stripped them; and hawthorns covered with shrivelled black flower-buds will carry the traces of spring's cruelty until the winter. But with these localised exceptions it is not often that the first of May arrives to find so much "may" already in the hedges. Almost all of our home-staying birds were still well ahead, too, of their usual dates with nests and eggs and young, and during the last few days of April our common summer visitors came hastening by battalions to fill the gaps which were becoming rather conspicuous in landscapes already green for summer.

### TRAVELLERS AND RESIDENTS.

But the bulk of the first flush of summer birds was, as usual, composed of travellers bound for regions further north, as you could see when the swallows hovered over the chimneys-pots, balancing themselves with outspread butterfly-tails against the wind, and peering vainly within for space to shelter. In the old days the swallow was the "chimney swallow" in England too; but our modern narrow pots and flues give him no nesting ledges, though in spring and autumn the conduct of some travelling swallows shows that there are more northern regions where the chimneys suit the swallows still. For many days, too, house-martins, coming and going, had been common objects of the country-side before the first of our own house-martins arrived with slow and weary flight, but not too weary to fly with a glad twitter straight to the spot under the eaves where part of last year's nests still hang. There he would cling for a while, chattering his joy to be at home again; and when his mate came to join him, it was a glad duet that they twittered round the old nest at intervals all the rest of the day.

### THE MEANING OF SONG.

This contrast in conduct between passing travellers and the returned residents among the house-martins explains, perhaps, why many warblers, as well as the nightingales and cuckoos, are supposed to remain songless for a few days after their arrival. These silent first comers may very well be birds that have not yet reached their destination, and, therefore, have nothing to sing about; whereas it seems scarcely probable that such impulsive and volatile beings as birds should be able to keep from singing when they have really returned to their own again. Human nature is only a sort of animal nature after all; and it does not seem possible that one should get safely back to one's own home after a long absence and a dangerous journey, and be content for a few days to sneak about it silently or whispering only in the cellars. One's impulse would be rather to shout and sing through every room and fling the garden windows wide, as though to fill the whole place with your rejoicing presence. So many ages have passed since wild man used to shout and roar to let all neighbours know that he was in enjoyment of his own and ready to defend it, that we have almost forgotten the origin of the instinct which impels male human beings to signalise the joy of possession with loud noises. Girls, overpowered with joy, will clasp silent hands in gladness too deep for words; boys will seize each other and wrestle and shout for glee as they roll over on the ground. It is the old animal instinct of the male who will roar and fight to defend his treasure, contrasting with that of the female

who enjoys in silence that which the male defends on her behalf.

### MAN AND THE ANIMAL.

See the snarl of the tiger who has seized a fine lump of meat; that is the origin of the human smile of pleasure. But man has passed so many ages in gregarious peace with his kind that we have utterly forgotten the original menace of the smile, although it still shows the teeth. Indeed, living for each other's happiness in great measure, we have learned to associate the smile—yet we still use it sometimes in anger or disdain—with only pleasant ideas of human mirth. But it was once a grim animal menace; and similarly when boys shout for joy they utter the echo of passions of long ago—just such passions of possession and challenge as impel the lion to roar or the nightingale to sing. And so far as the nightingale

is concerned, it seems to me that the time when he will be most strongly impelled to sing will be, as with the house-martins, the moment when he has returned to his old nesting site and taken possession of his own again.

### LOTHARIO MALLARDS.

As the afternoon draws to evening the aerial evolutions of the wild mallards are often wonderful to witness. The speed at which wild duck, flying their best, can travel is prodigious; and the group of four or five birds traverses the sky and circles the horizon at a pace which would surely defy the wing power of the swiftest hawk. The meaning of this wild air chase is love, or rather licence, for when, as the sun goes low in the west, the wild duck steals from her nest to join the mallard loitering near, she is liable to be pestered at once by the attentions of all the other idle mallards that chance to view her. Quackering with terror, she scurries over the water and scuttles over the grass, and close upon her heels they pursue, tumbling over each other in their haste, while her indignant husband brings up the rear "querking" his protests against such disgraceful behaviour. Too closely pressed, she takes to flight, and then ensues those marvellous transits of the sky, she flying her very fastest, and all the others, including her husband, doing their best to keep up with her lightning sweeps and curves. Not always does her speed avail, for sometimes you may see the foremost of her pursuers actually overtake and seize her in mid-air, and as they glide earthwards together, the others descend like bullets with them, and it is almost as a solid bunch of birds that they reach the ground together. There it is to be presumed—and hoped—that the valour of her husband usually scatters her shameless suitors, but it cannot be so always, because Nature would not have made this strange habit of illicit courtship with violence universal among wild duck if it did not subserve some useful purpose, which it could hardly do if the chase were always ineffective.

### NATURE'S POINT OF VIEW.

Indeed, viewing the matter without human prejudice, the advantage to be derived by wild ducks in general from the success of the boldest, strongest, and swiftest of their kind in love, is so obvious that one would expect it to be the rule rather than the exception in wild life at large. Probably it is of more general application than we ordinarily suppose; and among water-fowl, at any rate, the comparatively frequent occurrence of hybrids in a wild state would seem to show that this licence is not always confined within the limits of the same species. But the females of many different kinds of ducks resemble each other so closely that the offender, if put on trial, might successfully plead that it was a case of mistaken identity on his part. At any rate, so far as we are at present advised, Nature has nothing to gain by the creation of hybrids, and thus muddling up the distinctions between species, which have taken so much time to create.

### THE DRAKE'S HANDICAP.

The reason why unrestrained and violent courtship of each other's wives is so much more conspicuous among the ducks than other wild birds is, no doubt, that in equipping the latter for their various roles in life, Nature has given them sharp bills and often powerful claws; and if an indignant husband should come up with the unwelcome suitor, an eye might be lost or a skull split in no time. At such risks the game would not be worth the candle, and Nature never encourages her wildlings to play losing games. In the matter of ducks, on the other hand, Nature has fitted them for their vocation in life by giving them webbed feet, and flat, tender bills. With these they cannot seriously hurt each other, if they try for half-an-hour, and so we may presume that in their case the game is worth the candle. Of course, if the species would have profited thereby, nothing would have been easier for Nature than to endow ducks with some weapon of offence against each other, but the result would have been loss, not gain, because, in wild life, the more literally the adage "None but the brave deserves the fair" can be translated into practice the better for the species.

### "SPARROW FIGHTS."

Indeed, I am not sure that in the sparrow, which is certainly the dominant bird of these civilised times and the "brainiest" bird that lives, Nature has not

somehow solved the problem of endowing a species with weapons of offence and at the same time inducing the males not to use these upon each other in jealousy. At any rate, those noisy disturbances which we call "sparrow fights" are always, so far as I have been able to observe, caused by a number of males in hot pursuit of a single female, and all the fighting which takes place is done by the female, who dashes viciously at one after another of her suitors and handles them very roughly. They, meanwhile, are not thinking of fighting each other at all. Each one simply "shows off," cocking his tail, spreading out his showiest feathers, and hops around, chirping his loudest, until the angry fair one suddenly seizes him by the ear or the eye

and sends him about his business. That the husband is usually among the noisy mob appears probable—although he makes no effort to protect his wife, knowing perhaps that she is well able to protect herself—from the fact that, after all the others have been effectually rebuffed, one cock sparrow generally remains, showing off and hopping around without rebuke from the lady. And when presently they fly off together, one is pleased to regard the whole affair as the triumph of legitimate constancy. But the fact that these "sparrow" fights occur daily throughout the breeding season, wherever sparrows are found, forbids the supposition that their results are always negative. So marked a characteristic of conduct must be based upon advantage to the species.

E. K. R.

## FROM THE FARMS.

### LIVESTOCK STATISTICS.

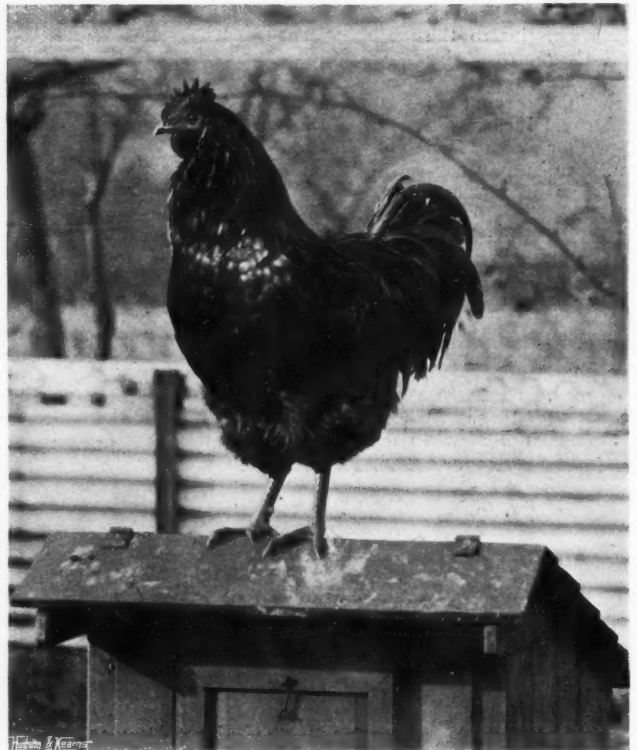
IN the interesting paper which Mr. R. H. Rew read before the Farmers' Club on May 4th, he gave the following suggestive figures in order to compare the number of cattle sent to market at the twenty-one towns scheduled under the Markets and Fairs (Weighing of Cattle) Act:

1899	...	...	1,236,000
1900	...	...	1,188,000
1901	...	...	1,162,000
1902	...	...	1,303,000

The outstanding feature of these figures is the increase that they show in 1902 as compared with 1901. It amounts to close on 12 per cent., and yet the decrease in the total number of animals enumerated in Great Britain amounted between June, 1901, and June, 1902, to little more than 3 per cent. This shows that a great demand, owing to the increased price of meat, was made upon native herds during 1902, and that it occurred to a considerable extent after June 4th. Mr. Rew points out, however, another factor in the situation, namely, that nearly one million Irish cattle were sent over in 1902. About one-third of these were marked "fat," and in any case the increase would augment the number of cattle exposed for sale in the markets. Those who have followed the fluctuations in the total number of cattle in Great Britain, will quite see the bearing of this on the alarming decrease that has taken place. Another point of very great interest is the change in the number of cows and heifers in milk. It amounts to about 25 per cent. in England, 14 per cent. in Scotland, and 11 per cent. in Wales, and this points to an increase in dairying, though Mr. Rew holds that it is not large enough to provide for the increase in population. The inference is that there is still plenty of room for the expansion of the dairy industry.

### ORPINGTON FOWLS.

The black Orpington fowl had its origin, as the name implies, at Orpington, in Kent, about twenty years ago. At first the birds bore a very strong resemblance to the Langshan; in fact, they were scarcely distinguishable from that breed, but for the absence of feathers on the leg, whereas leg-feather is a prominent characteristic of the Langshan variety. There is no doubt that Langshan fowls, partially or completely free from leg-feather—and such sports occasionally occur—were selected in the first instance for producing the Orpington; afterwards the type was further modified by crossing with the black sport of the Plymouth Rock and also with the Minorca. At first there was a great tendency to revert to the original type in the appearance of feathers on the leg, and also in the occurrence of red in the neck hackle, but by constant and careful selection this tendency to revert is less and less noticeable, and Orpingtons with leg-feather are now rarely seen.



A PRIZE-WINNER.

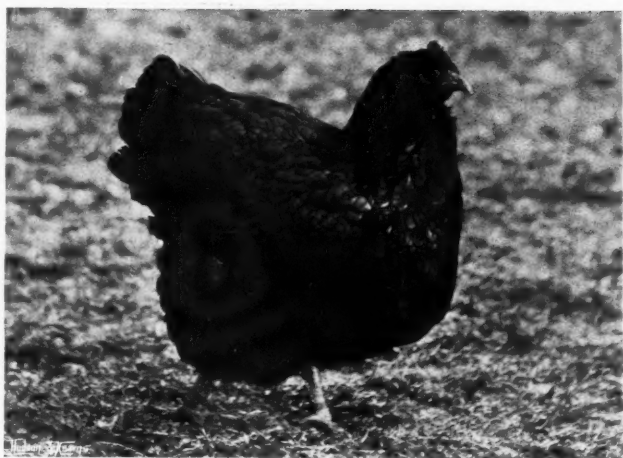
The establishment of a recognised standard by the Orpington Club has gradually improved the type, and poultry fanciers have now grown thoroughly familiar with the points that go to make a good exhibition Orpington. The short leg and the compact, cobby form of the variety now bred have quite destroyed resemblance to the long-legged type of the Langshan noticeable years ago. Orpingtons are good layers, and the eggs are rich and have a brown shell. The average from good laying strains is 120 to 150 eggs in a season. They are also good table birds, despite the foolish prejudice which exists in this country against fowls for table with black legs. The weight of the hen averages 7lb. to 8lb., and that of the cock 10lb. to 12lb. There is an annual show promoted by the Orpington Club, and this year it will be held at the Winter Gardens, Cheltenham, in November. Mr. V. B. Johnstone, M.A., of Stamford, is the honorary secretary of the club.

Poultry fanciers of the old school deprecated the introduction of the Orpington, as they regard with disfavour the multiplication of new varieties, and maintain that the Dorking, Game, and others of the few old-fashioned breeds are superior to any of the modern novelties. There can, however, be no question that increasing the number of breeds has greatly enlarged the field of poultry culture and attracted large numbers to the ranks of those who promote poultry and egg production. Black Orpingtons, owing to their colour, are very suitable to be kept in towns, as their feathers do not get discoloured with soot, which is so disfiguring to birds of light plumage. Their handsome black



A GROUP OF ORPINGTONS.





A TYPICAL HEN.

plumage keeps its lustre and always looks well. There are other so-called Orpingtons—"buffs," for instance—but they cannot boast of the most distant blood relationship with the favourite blacks.

#### SCRATCHING-SHEDS FOR POULTRY.

In compliance with requests for working plans of the poultry scratching-sheds upon which we recently commented, we are now enabled to submit the accompanying diagrams, which we think will be intelligible to those interested and contemplating erecting such structures. We have already given some space to describing these buildings, but a brief *résumé* associated with the presence of the drawings will afford great help. Primarily it must be stated that plan, elevation, and section are drawn to one scale, and represent housing for two pens of twelve birds each. Then, directing attention to the plan, the space allotted for scratching surface, 12ft. by 10ft. in each shed, will be found ample to afford exercise to the inmates, keeping them in good health when detained therein by bad weather or other circumstances, even for a protracted period. The attendant's corridor, 3ft. wide and raised 18in. from the ground, is wired off on both sides, enabling him to feed the birds, collect eggs, etc., without entering the roosts. Access to the latter for cleaning the boards, and raking over the litter, is given by wire gates, others giving exit to the grass runs in front. It will be observed that part of the trap-nests protrudes into the corridor, and as these have hinged lids, the duty of gathering and noting the eggs with their respective layers is simplified. A subway beneath the floor of the corridor, which can be closed when necessary, gives the hens the opportunity of using the grass run when allowed. The scratching space is covered with litter, 6in. to 1oin. deep, and corn thrown among this causes the birds to work for their living when they are kept within the shelter. The perches are movable, and below each is fixed a droppings board, 2ft. wide, which prevents the litter being too rapidly fouled. The litter needs changing about four times a year if kept dry, but this will vary according to material and season, and the poultry-keeper must use discretion as to when it requires removal. Should the natural floor be predisposed to dampness, raising it with earth, beaten hard, 6in. above the outside level will render it safe. The grass runs may be all to the front, or front and back as shown, and should total not less than 90yds. in length, i.e., 25 square yards per bird.

The front elevation, taken conjointly with plan and section, is self-explanatory. The section calls for some remarks. The interior division as drawn is partly of wire, which terminates above the level of the hens' heads when at roost. The flank walls should be boarded entire. The rest on which the perch depends declines as it approaches the rear, which is only 4ft. high, and of wood. The apex is 9ft., and the front 7ft., in height. The main roof is of wood covered with two layers of tarred felt, or, in place of one layer corrugated iron may be substituted. The felt should never be entirely omitted, for its non-conductive property is valuable, and prevents the shelter becoming an oven in summer and a damp refrigerator in winter. The glazed roof over the corridor allows a sufficiency of light to enter the scratching-shed, and if some of the frames are made to slide out, this will permit more air reaching the interior during excessively hot weather. The grass run division and boundaries should be boarded up to 2ft. to prevent the cocks fighting, and act as a wind shield. The wire surmounting this may be 2ft. or 4ft. high, according to choice of breed. For Brahmas, Langshans, Dorkings, Orpingtons, and other heavy varieties, the lower height will keep them apart; but for Leghorns, Anconas, Game, and such active sorts, the full 6ft. is necessary.

It will be noted that no provision is made for the dust bath. This, it will be found, the hens generally improvise out on the

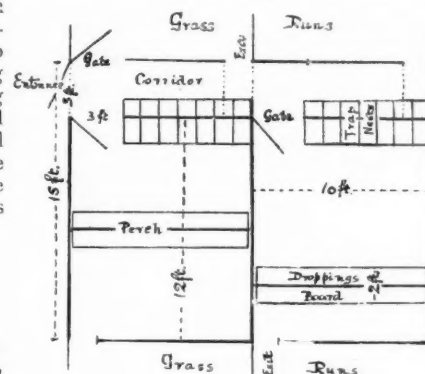
grass run; but should it be deemed requisite to have one inside, a corner boarded off and filled with road-scrappings, ashes, or loose dry earth will be efficient. In conclusion, we may state that the diagrams given illustrate a high type of these appliances, of which there are as yet few examples in this country, though, in America, this style and its adaptations are not uncommon. It will be readily recognised by anyone conversant with poultry-house architecture, that the idea can be carried out in more or less expensive modifications of the one given; but whatever is done, the arrangements must embody the general principles of ample littered surface with dry floor, plenty of light, and air without draught. Saving of labour and economy of time should be studied, and, however ornate the exterior may be (and the building does lend itself to embellishment), the interior should be free from nooks and crannies, and every part accessible to lime-wash. Given these essential features, we have no hesitation in saying that sickness among the stock and poultry failures will be things of the past, so far as the housing problem is concerned.

## POLO NOTES.

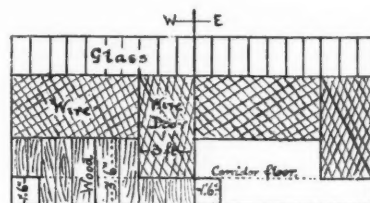
THE visit of the American team last year has had a great, and possibly a lasting, influence on English polo. No one can doubt that all the stir in the polo world came from that source, even the change which has made of the Hurlingham Polo Committee a representative body. Just now the great interest is the assimilation of the two codes of rules which seems likely to come about by the method of compromise. We have modified our stick-crooking practice and are about to modify our off-side rule. Unluckily all the trial matches so far have been spoilt by the weather. Even when it has been possible to play polo, managers have not been able to open their match grounds. Hurlingham played their trial tournament chiefly on the second ground, which is not of course

so good for such a purpose as the old ground would be. In consequence we have not learned very much, but perhaps enough to establish the conviction that some modification is necessary. There is always some diffidence felt in pressing any change, for it is an open secret that the polo committee are rather absurdly jealous of being supposed to be capable of being in any way influenced by outside opinion. Under the circumstances, nothing could be better for the prospects of polo in both countries than the forthcoming visit of Messrs. Buckmaster, Freake, and Rawlinson to America. These players and the fourth and fifth are to be handicapped in America, so that they can take part in all American matches, and should bring back some useful hints for our benefit. No three men could possibly be chosen better able to judge of the advantages or disadvantages of the American system.

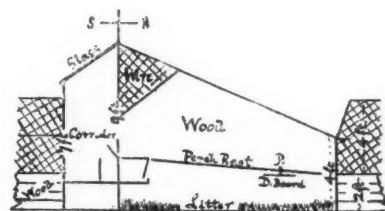
Eden Park was practically the only club that had any polo last week, and the two matches, Handley Cross v. Eden Park and R.A. v. Eden Park, were both of considerable interest. Mr. Nash, who is the manager of the club, deserves great credit for the splendid order of his ground. Moreover, he was the first umpire of the season to give a foul under the new stick-crooking rule. This was against Handley Cross, a combination which should have a successful season. They only want rather more practice together in order to become a very strong team. Even more interesting was the appearance of a Royal Artillery team, which may possibly be the one that we may see in the Inter-regimental, though as to that I have no certain information. In any case the match was a slow one, for even the Eden Park turf was rather sodden. Major Cameron, however, proved himself a hard and straight hitter



Plan—below roof.



Front Elevation.



Section

#### SCRATCHING-SHEDS.

on a dead ground, and to him the victory by six goals to none was greatly due.

There will be some losses to polo this season. Neither Mr. John Hargreaves nor his brother is going to play. Besides the fact that we shall miss Mr. Hargreaves in London, he would have been a great source of strength to his Hunt team and the Blackmore Vale Polo Club. This last-named team ought to make a very excellent show in the County Cup.

The first big tournament of the season is the Hunt Challenge Cup at Ranelagh, fixed for May 18th to the 23rd. Of course, it is impossible to forecast the tournament until we see the entries, but after a winter in the shires I am inclined to think that Warwickshire ought to have a very great chance, or, as the racing people say, whatever beats them will win.

The Ranelagh Club expect some good games in the Hunt Challenge Cup, which may well produce one of the grand struggles we have seen in past years for this trophy. The Warwickshire and Pytchley Hunts have the largest number of first-class players, and I think the North Warwickshire ought to be able to put a team in the field which would test the play of any Hunt combination. But he who prophesies about the result of a game so uncertain as polo is likely to get little credit. The final is fixed for Saturday week, May 23rd, and as it falls on the same day as the Ladies' Driving Competition, a big crowd may be expected. I hear that the club will be illuminated on Wednesdays and Fridays, and I think I have already written of the excellent private band which the club have engaged. This is rather a new departure, but likely to be a successful one. The full orchestra plays three days a week, and the smaller band every evening. X.

## RACING NOTES.

PERSISTENT rain was the chief feature of the Chester Meeting, and the consequently heavy going was responsible for many unexpected successes, which must have made the meeting as disastrous as it was disagreeable for the majority of the spectators. Notwithstanding the weather and

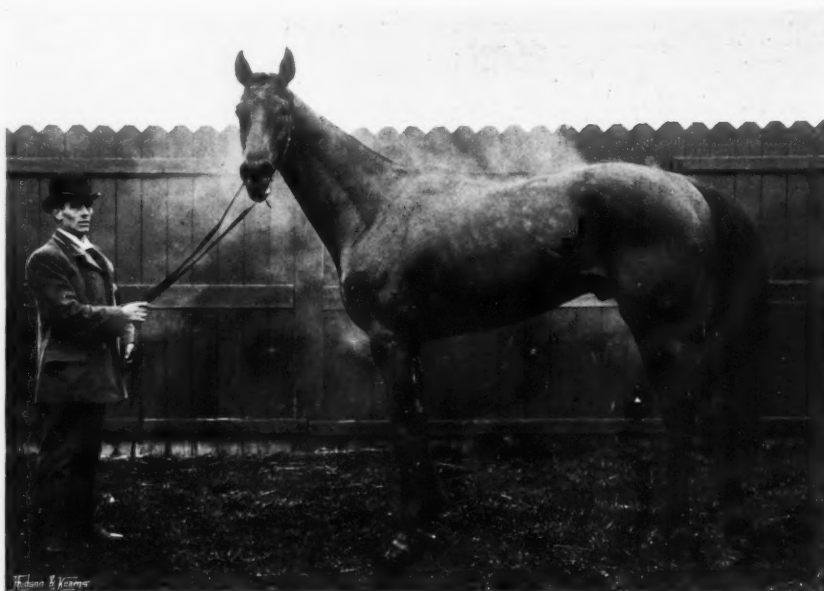


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THE CLUB STAND AT CHESTER.

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the other big races held last week there was a good attendance, for Chester is always a popular meeting. The presence of St. Maclou, who earned the position of champion among handicap horses of 1902, gave the field for the Chester Cup the distinction, wanting to the other big handicaps decided this year, of having one animal entitled to rank in the first class among the competitors, but beyond the prestige of his name he did nothing to add to the interest of the race. Vendale, who, like many previous winners of important handicaps, such as Herminius and Black Sand, commenced his business career in the humble ranks of selling platers, found the heavy going to his liking, and, leading from end to end, won without ever being seriously challenged. It is probable

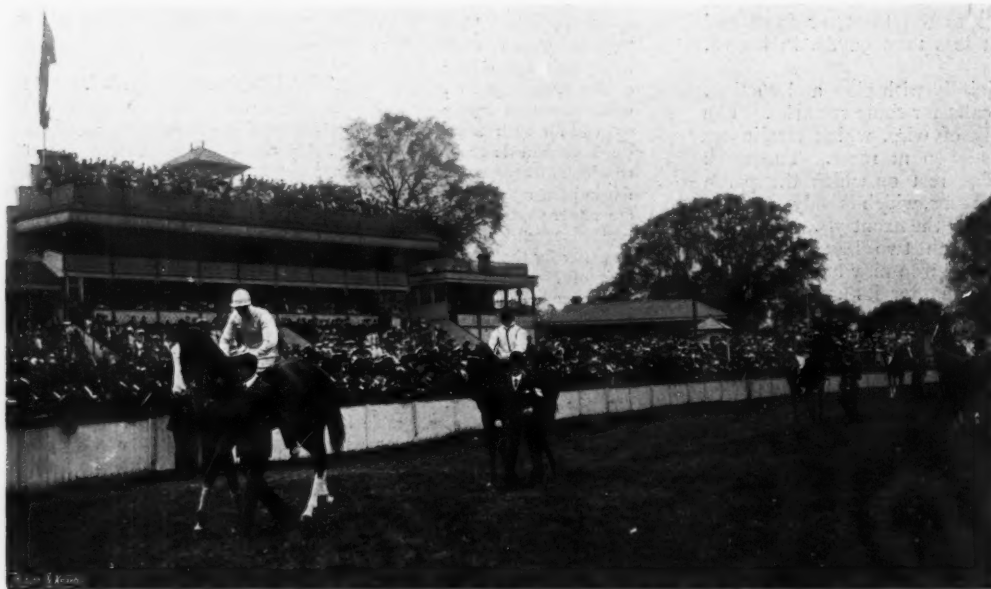


W. A. Rouch. VENDALE STEAMING AFTER THE CHESTER CUP.

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that if the going had been firmer one of those nearest him, Throwaway or Caro, would have reversed the positions, but it was a day for a powerful horse with a light weight, and he took the fullest advantage of it. Sloan rode a precisely similar race on Roughside, who had also, curiously enough, run in selling races, and who won the race in 1900, leading from start to finish.

The remaining races at Chester were not of great interest. Among the two year olds, Divorce Court and Catgut added to their previous victories. Mr. Rothschild's Quisisana, who had run second to Extradition at Epsom, and Mr. Alexander's Bitters earned their first winning brackets, but the latter, who was making his first appearance in public, is probably moderate. Mr. Alexander generally takes away some of the spoils at Chester, and, although he just failed to win the big race with Throwaway, he got the substantial solatium of £300 for running second, in addition to the Champion Prize Cheese which is given to each of the



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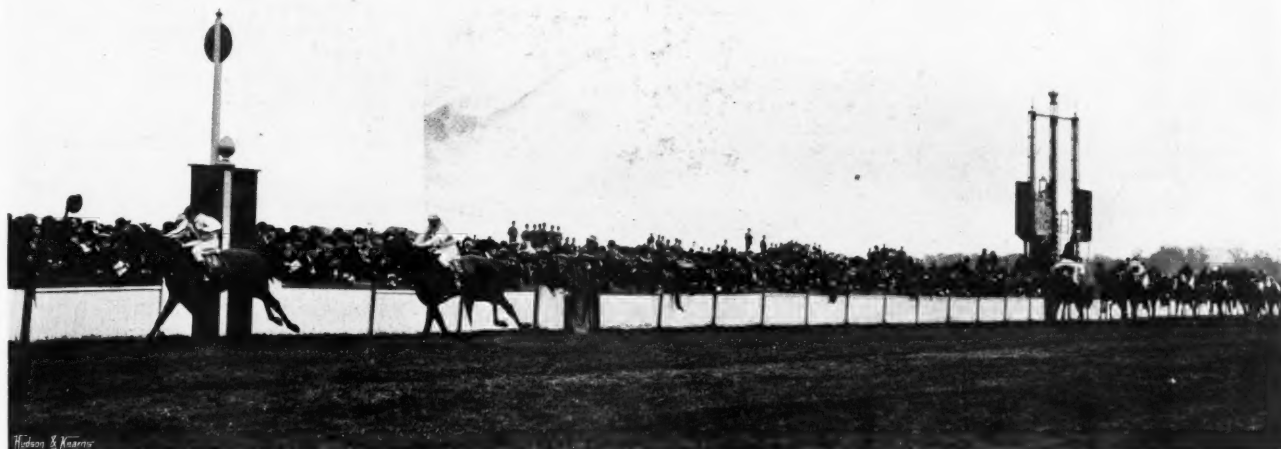
ROYAL GEORGE AND YPSILANTI PARADE FIRST.

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first three in the race, and he won two smaller handicaps with his three year olds Kirkmichael and Part Malt. Gilbert Orme won the valuable Dee Stakes on Thursday for Lord Farquhar, and is probably the best of the indifferent lot of that age who competed at Chester, as he finished a long way from the placed horses behind Sermon, who was giving him 12lb. when the latter won at Newmarket. The other important race of the meeting, the Great Cheshire Handicap, was won by Pellisson, who has hitherto almost confined his winning efforts to Liverpool, but he met a very weak opposition, as Simony,

out a good field of nineteen, many of whom, such as Handicapper, Pistol, Alencon, and the Hungarian Hazafi, had won valuable races at some time in their career, and it included Duke of Westminster, for whom £20,000 was paid last year, and Pekin, who disputed favouritism with Sceptre in last year's Derby. The market was a very fluctuating one. Darling's pair, Valiant and Fermoye, at one time held pride of place, but drifted out to 20 to 1, and eventually Ypsilanti, the one consistent performer in the race, ousted Pistol from the position of favourite, which he fully justified by taking a prominent place almost from



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THE FINISH FOR THE JUBILEE STAKES.

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who ran well as a three year old, has completely failed to fulfil expectations during the present season.

Kempton was more fortunate in its weather than Chester, and the popular "Jubilee" meeting attracted an immense concourse of spectators on both days, including His Majesty the King. His Majesty's own horse, Plumassier, took part in the May Three Year Old Plate the most valuable race in Friday's programme. The public evinced loyalty rather than discretion by installing him first favourite, in defiance of the openly avowed unflattering opinion held of his merits by his stable connections, an opinion which he fully justified by running a bad third to Hammerkop, who was giving him 21lb., and the Kingsclere impostor Playbill, who has been backed for the Derby, but is probably about three stone behind Rock Sand. Hammerkop ran well as a two year old, but whatever chance she possessed in the One Thousand Guineas was destroyed by the tape which impeded her and Sun Rose at the start. She is probably inferior to the latter, but she showed herself an opponent who will have to be reckoned with at Epsom. The best race on Friday was the Stewards' Handicap, won by His Lordship after a desperate struggle with Mr. Arthur James's Achaicus, who must have a great chance of winning the Alexandra Handicap at Gatwick on Friday. The Spring Two Year Old Plate brought out no youngster of much promise, with the possible exception of Roseate Dawn. He could not have lost the race if he had not swerved across the course soon after starting, and he will probably be returned a winner in the early future. Acefull, the American Derby candidate, made his first appearance in this country in this race, in which he failed ignominiously to maintain his reputation.

Although the Great Jubilee Handicap on Saturday was wanting in the distinction lent it in former years by the presence of good horses like Bendigo, Minting, Orvieto, and Victor Wild, it brought

the start and by maintaining it to the end, his nearest attendants throughout the race being Duke of Westminster and Hazafi, who finished second and third. It is singular that all the big handicaps this year, the Lincoln, Queen's Prize, City and Suburban, Great Metropolitan, Chester Cup, and the Great Jubilee, have been won in similar style by horses who have taken the lead at or soon after the start, and maintained it until past the winning-post. If American jockeys are somewhat at a discount as compared with their position a few years back, American methods of race riding has come to stay, and short stirrups, forward stooping positions in the saddle, and races contested from the start instead of for the last few hundred yards, form a pronounced revolution in the methods of the previous decade, which must be very flattering to Mr. Sloan, their first exponent, in his enforced retirement.

Another interesting race on Saturday was the Teddington



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THE SCENE IN THE PADDOCK AT KEMPTON.

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Plate, in which Sundridge and Lord Bobs met to decide what was really the championship of the T.Y.C. The former won, in confirmation of their running last year, but contrary to general expectation, and the victory was apparently an easy one. I think Sir Blundell Maple's horse is ill-suited by a flat course, and I should expect to see him reverse positions with the winner when there are gradients to climb, as at Ascot, or in the Brethby Course at Newmarket.

The Hampton Handicap seemed good for Wolfshall on his Lingfield performance, but he met his superior in Earl's Seat, and this ended the meeting for most of us, as the proverbial Kempton good luck with regard to the weather came to an end, and the pelting rain made us glad to escape before Fighting Furley succumbed to heavy weight and heavy going in the Durham Plate, won by Mr. Singer's unnamed Great Dame colt, which ended a brilliantly successful meeting. KAPPA.

## LABOURERS' COTTAGES.

THE following letter was sent to us by Mr. A. T. Williams of 72, St. Paul's Churchyard, and we forwarded it to Sir William Chance, chairman of the Council of the Building By-laws Reform Association, whose comments we append:

"I have been very interested from time to time in reading your various schemes for building cottages in the country districts, and I wish to ask your advice with regard to East Anglia.

"The farmers and land-owners there have no money to build, and I am told that where the County Council, or the District Council, undertake a scheme they find insuperable difficulties, and it takes a very long time to get anything done.

"Does not Part III. of the Housing Act put it in the power of the local authorities to acquire land and build fresh cottages, in the same way that the London County Council does outside the London area?

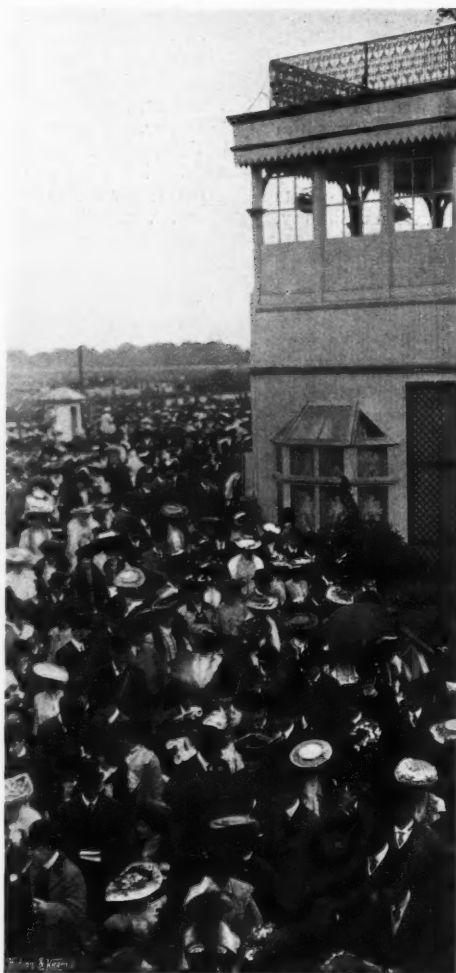
"Is there any reason why insuperable difficulties should arise in carrying out this Act in the villages?

"You are doubtless acquainted with the Labourers' Acts, which apply only to Ireland, and by which the local councils have provided some 20,000 cottages up to the end of the last return, which are let at low rents to men who work on the land.

"Would it be possible to get similar Acts passed for England, or is it considered that the present Housing Acts, the Allotment Act, and the Small Holdings Act are sufficient?

"I see it is often argued that they provide ample powers, and that it is really the indifference of the local council that is to blame."

This letter from Mr. A. T. Williams deals with a subject which has for many years attracted, and is still attracting, the attention of politicians and philanthropists. Indeed, the Acts of Parliament (for the Act of 1900 was in the main a consolidation of previous statutes on the subject beginning in 1851) referred to by your correspondent testify to the anxiety of the State to see its working-class population better housed than it is at present all over the country. Unfortunately, the evidence from many different quarters shows how widely spread the evil is. When Part III. of the Housing Act of 1890 was extended to rural districts by the Act of 1900, Parliament thought this would solve the problem to a large extent. By these Acts rural district councils are enabled, with the consent of the County Council, to buy or rent land for the purpose of building labourers'



W. A. Rouch

A CROWDED CORNER OF THE CLUB LAWN.

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so as to enable him to pay a better rent, and the other is to devise some method of building decent and habitable cottages more cheaply than can be done at present. As the first condition can only be brought about, if at all, by very gradual economic changes, we may leave it out of account. As to the second condition, the problem ought not to be insoluble, because there is more than one side from which it may be tackled. One of these sides is connected with the price of labour and materials. Without at all cutting down the present wages of labour, building operations would be rendered far less costly if the workman was allowed and encouraged to do a full and honest day's work. The recent articles in the *Times* on this subject will be fresh in the minds of everyone, and the statements made in them have not been seriously refuted. They not only showed the great extent to which the doctrine of 'canny' permeated the country, but also (as especially bearing on our correspondent's letter) how the doctrine acted with double force when the employer of labour was a public body. To put it shortly, the solution of the difficulty lies largely with the labourers themselves. As to materials, the present restrictive Building Bye-laws are greatly to blame for forbidding the use of building substances peculiar to the locality, although centuries of usage have proved them to be excellent for the purpose. To the same cause may be partly attributed the inaction of many landlords in providing their tenants with suitable cottages, either by undertaking the substantial repair of old ones or by building new ones. I think it will be admitted that your paper has led the way in the



W. A. Rouch.

YPSILANTI AFTER THE RACE.

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cottages, while a parish council may invoke the aid of the County Council against a refusal by a district council to proceed under the Acts. But the Acts have been practically a dead letter so far as rural districts are concerned. Your correspondent naturally asks why this should be. I will attempt to answer his question. One of the points which a County Council is obliged to consider is "the liability which will be incurred by the rates," and district councils are seldom able to show that no such liability will be incurred. Indeed, anxious as they may be to provide the much-wanted cottages, they find it impossible to build them so that the rents paid by the tenants should cover the interest on the loan, and the expenditure on taxes, rates, insurance, and repairs. Thus the deficit balance would have to be made up by a rate. I need say nothing as to the difficulty of getting the necessary land, and of the enhanced price which every public authority has somehow or other to pay for it. As an instance of the difficulty I will take it that it is possible to build a pair of substantial cottages for £250—a very large assumption indeed. The cost of the land, fencing, drainage, and water supply would raise this sum to £300 at the very lowest. If the money could be borrowed at 3½ per cent., this would mean an annual expenditure of £10 10s., without any allowance for the other expenditure above mentioned, which would be very considerable, especially the matter of repairs. As an agricultural labourer in most rural districts seldom can or does pay more than £5 a year for his cottage, the certain loss to the rates is easily perceived.

It seems to me that there are only two possible ways to overcome this difficulty of cost. One is that the labourer's wages should be increased so as to enable him to pay a better rent, and the other is to devise some method of building decent and habitable cottages more cheaply than can be done at present. As the first condition can only be brought about, if at all, by very gradual economic changes, we may leave it out of account. As to the second condition, the problem ought not to be insoluble, because there is more than one side from which it may be tackled. One of these sides is connected with the price of labour and materials. Without at all cutting down the present wages of labour, building operations would be rendered far less costly if the workman was allowed and encouraged to do a full and honest day's work. The recent articles in the *Times* on this subject will be fresh in the minds of everyone, and the statements made in them have not been seriously refuted. They not only showed the great extent to which the doctrine of 'canny' permeated the country, but also (as especially bearing on our correspondent's letter) how the doctrine acted with double force when the employer of labour was a public body. To put it shortly, the solution of the difficulty lies largely with the labourers themselves. As to materials, the present restrictive Building Bye-laws are greatly to blame for forbidding the use of building substances peculiar to the locality, although centuries of usage have proved them to be excellent for the purpose. To the same cause may be partly attributed the inaction of many landlords in providing their tenants with suitable cottages, either by undertaking the substantial repair of old ones or by building new ones. I think it will be admitted that your paper has led the way in the



attempt to secure more reasonable bye laws. Indeed, the New Model Building Bye-laws for rural districts justified your criticisms on the old ones, and to a considerable extent followed your suggestions. It would help to solve the difficulty in question if district councils, who have adopted the old very restrictive bye-laws, were to revoke them and replace them by the new ones.

To come to more radical measures of reform, it may be questioned whether the English law of entail is not to blame for much of the present unsatisfactory state of things. This opens too large a field of enquiry and argument to deal with now, but it seems a curious anomaly that while under section 67 of the Housing Act of 1890 the Public Works Loan Commissioners may advance monies to private persons "entitled to any land for an estate in fee simple, or for any term of years absolute, whereof not less than fifty years shall for the time being remain unexpired, for the purpose of constructing or improving, or of facilitating or encouraging the construction or improvement of dwellings for the working classes," they cannot advance such monies to any tenant for life or the trustees of a settled estate. No doubt the building of cottages is considered "an improvement" under the Settled Estates Acts, but only rich owners of large estates can afford the luxury of supplying cottages under them.

Your correspondent seems to be hankering after the introduction of the Irish system into England. The experiment made in a country where the generally accepted principles of political economy have long been banished to another planet, has not been long enough tried to judge of its success. It is possible that the reasons which prevent district councils from providing cottages in this country do not hold good in the sister island, and it may be doubted whether the cottages provided under the Irish Labourers' Acts would suffice for the wants of the English labourer with his much higher standard of comfort. I wish that I could give more help to your correspondent in this very difficult problem, but I can only repeat that its solution seems to rest principally in greater liberty being allowed to the working man, so that he may put his full working strength into the day's work, and to the builder or architect, so that he may be able to exercise his inventive powers in the direction of cheapening construction without lessening the stability of the cottage, or infringing the laws of health. In these ways the cost of building cottages for the labouring classes may be so reduced that a landlord or building speculator will be able to do all that is necessary in the matter without the intervention of the district council at all, for he will be able to anticipate a fair return for the money expended.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A ROMANY GIRL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The subject of the enclosed photograph is by no means the dark swarthy type of gipsy, but a fair-haired, fair-complexioned girl, looking very picturesque in her simple attire. She has married into a race who spend most of the year in tents or in caravans, a wild, free, healthy life—

"The lark is wont their matins sing,  
The sable rook their vespers ring."

making their living by the manufacture of clothes-pegs, wooden skewers, baskets, etc., of which useful commodities she has a basketful on her arms. When taking her photograph, I asked her if she had ever eaten hedgehogs, and her reply was, "Haven't I, sir?" So I made a bargain with her that

the next time she had a hedgehog dinner she should ask me down to partake thereof, and I hope to secure some photographs of the savoury dainty before and after cooking. She told me that not long ago the family dined off six, and that they are excellent when properly served. I have often meant to try them, so before long I trust that my wishes will be realised.—  
OXLEY GRABHAM.

### FOOD FOR SPARROWS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Perhaps your natural history editor will be able to tell me the proper food on which to bring up young sparrows taken from the nest. I have

made several trials with mixed bread and eggs and a little fig dust, with an occasional feed of ants' eggs; but my success has not been great, nearly all the birds dying when about two months old. I should like to know if I have omitted some necessary item of their food, and shall be much obliged if you will help me.—A LOVER OF BIRDS.

[Steep some bread in water and then squeeze it so as to get rid of the yeast, and your birds will thrive all right on the paste.—ED.]

### CORMORANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am enclosing a snapshot of cormorants which was taken on the outer edge of the Treshinish Islands—the group of rocks some ten miles to the west



of Mull, exposed to the full swirl of the Atlantic, and abounding with seals and wildfowl. These birds were so placed that I was able to creep along a ledge of rock unseen, and by raising my camera on to another ledge, still being myself unseen, I secured the picture.—E. N. BUXTON.

### RHUS TOXICODENDRON POISONING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am much interested in the extract from Lord Annesley's paper, which appears in your issue of April 18th, and the letter from "Neata Lund" in that of May 9th. "Neata Lund" will find in the *British Medical Journal* of March 4th, 1899, a paper on this subject, which any bookseller will procure for sixpence. It gives a woodcut of the leaves, flower, and fruit of the *Rhus toxicodendron*. If it should be out of print any doctor in any of the large towns would, no doubt, be able to lend the bound copy of the journal for that year, or I would be glad to help if "Neata Lund" were to write direct to me.—FRANK NICHOLSON, 29, Albion Street, Hull.

### POISON AND LADYBIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A few weeks ago you drew attention in your paper to the opinion expressed in one of the leading journals by a medical man that poisonous sprays used in orchards are fatal to animal life. It may be interesting to your readers to know of an experiment which is about to be made in a hop garden in Worcestershire. We hope it may prove as effectual as the spray. Thirty thousand ladybirds, belonging to a species that has been very useful to horticulturists in the United States, are being imported from California. If they can be acclimatised here it is quite possible that they will keep down the injurious insects; but there is always the risk that animals or insects transported from one country to another may either not flourish at all or multiply to such an extent that they become a nuisance, as was the case with the rabbits sent to Australia, and the sparrows taken to the United States of America.—L. B. S.

### KANGAROOS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing an interesting article in *COUNTRY LIFE* of April 25th about the nature of kangaroos in England, I should be glad if you would give me some further particulars as to their habits, what kinds would be likely to do best, and if they would be likely to do well in the West of Ireland, where, of course, it is very damp, but not cold.—ROC.

[The species of kangaroo most successfully acclimatised in England is Bennet's wallaby. It is found over a very varied range of soil and climate. In size it is considerably less than the great kangaroo, but resembles it very closely in habits and appearance. Specimens from Tasmania are generally considered the best for introduction in this country, as the climate of the island is wetter and colder than in the other Australian colonies. They would probably do very well in the West of Ireland.—ED.]

### WIDER WICKETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As an enthusiastic cricketer, I appeal to you to use the great influence of your paper to help those who are labouring to reform the game. The decision of the majority of the members of the M.C.C. that it is desirable to have a wider wicket is not enough to bring about any change in the rules of the game, because more than a third of the voters were not prepared to sanction the alteration. The arguments against the new rule are by no means convincing. The principal one seems to be a plain statement that it is undesirable to alter the implements used in cricket even when the game is played under very different circumstances from those prevailing when these tools were invented. Our ancestors did not enjoy the luxury of batting on an absolutely level pitch with perfect turf, as is the case to-day. Then the argument that the spectators do not wish to see a match



brought to a definite conclusion, but merely come to watch batting, bowling, and fielding of the highest order, is, on the face of it, absurd. There can be no question that unless something is done to help the bowlers the gate-money will rapidly decrease, and that will probably arouse those in authority to a sense of their duty to the public. In any case there seems no reason why a trial should not be given to the wider wicket.—**POINT.**

#### A DESTRUCTIVE PEST.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I think it would be helpful to other readers as well as myself if you would give a recipe for the destruction of American blight amongst apples in garden and orchard. It is no joking matter, I can assure you, though many gardeners and orchard planters seem to regard it lightly, till they discover the trees cankered and thoroughly diseased through its insidious progress. I know of nothing more harmful in an orchard than this terrible blight. It spreads rapidly, and it is hopeless to keep one's orchard clean when those in the neighbourhood are affected. Would you kindly give me some advice as to the means of eradicating the fluffy, harmless-looking aphide?—**W. T.**



[Like other aphides, American blight increases very quickly, but it can be easily detected. It shows great carelessness on the part of the grower when young trees die through the ravages of this pest. It must be got rid of at once, before the fluffy, silky-looking colonies have had time to spread. Destroy the insects by dipping a good-sized camel-hair brush into methylated spirits of wine and dabbing them with the preparation until they are

thoroughly wetted. This means almost instant death. Paraffin oil used in the same way would have the same effect, but when the shoots are very tender it might injure them. When the insects have got a good hold upon older branches they are more difficult to destroy, as the rough bark acts as a shelter. When this is the case, lay some sacks or cloths of some kind round the base of the stems, and well scrape the trees to remove the bark which may shelter the insects. Burn every particle removed. The part where the insects are should then be scrubbed with a stiff brush dipped in a rather thick solution of quassia extract, tobacco water, and soft soap. Work the mixture into any crevices or cracks in which the insects are harbouring. When parts of a tree are attacked which cannot be



easily reached by hand, spray the boughs thoroughly with the following caustic wash, which will kill all insect life—of course this must be used before the buds open in spring: Dissolve 1lb. of caustic soda in eight gallons of water, then add 3lb. of carbonate of potash (pearl ash); stir until all is dissolved, then add nine gallons of water, and last of all 100oz. of soft soap which has been dissolved in a little hot water. Spray the mixture on when the weather is calm, and be careful not to let it touch clothes or hands.—**ED.**

#### AN OLD WATER-MILL.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I notice that in your issue of April 25th you publish an article on

old water-mills, with photographs. I happen to have by me a print of a very old and interesting mill near Chester, Rossett Mill, and enclose a print which you may care to purchase to reproduce. It is one of the quaintest and most ancient water-mills in England, and although it dates back to 1661 it is still in working order, as will be seen by the illustration.—**GERALD E. C. MORRIS.**

#### A PATIENT SITTER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose you a pair of photographs, which I hope you may find worthy of insertion in your next issue. It may be of interest to you to know my little friend was a very patient sitter, as I gave 10sec. exposure in each case. He stood up to receive me, but, evidently not thinking much of me, sat down again, and turned his "nose" in the air, but upon my making further



advances, he flew off, alighting on the ground, where I left him, looking rather annoyed, but at the same time slightly interested in the funny animal with no wings who would keep covering his head with a black cloth.—**J. F. C. KIMBER.**

#### A POND IN BLOOM.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph represents a pond on a Gloucestershire common, almost covered with pond-weed in brilliant bloom. This may often be met with during the months of April and May, and when the sun is shining on the pure white flowers the effect is very beautiful. It is one of the earliest of our wild spring flowers, as will be noted by the fact that the trees and bushes around the pond are not yet in leaf.—**R. W. K. S.**

